



LA 379

Marie von Volzky
Elise Hartmann.

**THE
BEAUTIES
OF
ANCIENT POETRY.**

THE
REVOLUTION
OF
ANCIENT POETRY.

THE
BEAUTIES
OF
ANCIENT POETRY.

OR
ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM
The most celebrated British Poets

BY
A. FRUOLDSON.

PARIS AND LYONS.

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THE
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OF
ANCIENT POETRY
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THE BEAUTIES

OF

ANCIENT POETRY.

FROM « THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF. »

And so I followed, till it (a path) me brough
To right a pleasant arbour well ywrought.

That benched was, and with turfes new
Freshly covered, whereof the green grass,
So small, so thick, so short, so fresh of hew,
That most like unto green well wot I it was,
The hedge also that went in compass,
And closed in all the green arbour,
With Sycamore was set and Eglatere. * * *

And I that all this pleasant sight sie,
Thought suddenly I felt so sweet an aire
Of the Eglantine, that certainly
There is no heart I deem in such despair,
Nor with thoughts froward and contraire,
So overlaid, but it should soon have boot,
If it had once felt this savour sweet.

And as I stood and cast aside mine eye
I was ware of the fairest medle-tree
That ever yet in all my life I sie,
As full of blossoms as it might be,
Therein a goldfinch leaping prettily
From bough to bough, and as him list he ate
Here and there of buds and flow'rs sweet.

And to the arbour side was joining
Th' s fair tree, of which I have you told,
And at the last the bird began to sing:
When he had eaten what he eat would,
So passing sweetly, that by manifold
It was more pleasant than I could devise,
And when his song was ended in this wise,

The nightingale with so merry a note
Answered him; that all the wood rung
So suddenly, that as it were a sote;
I stood astonished, so was I with the song
Thorough ravished, that till late and long,
I nor wist in what place I was, nor where,
And ayen methought she sang even by mine ear.

Wherefore I watched about busily
On every side, if I her might see,
And at the last I gan full well espy
Where she sat in a fresh green laurel tree,
On the further side even right by me,
That gave so passing a delicious smell,
According to the eglantine full well.

Whereof I had so inly great pleasure,
That as methought I surely ravished was
Into Paradise, where my desire
Was for to be, and no further pass
As for that day; and on the soft grass
I sat me down, for as for mine intent,
The birds' song was more convenient,

And more pleasant to me by manifold,
Than meat or drink, or any other thing,
Thereto the arbour was so fresh and cold,
The wholesome savours eke so comforting,
That as I deemed, since the beginning
Of the world was never seen or then
So pleasant a ground of none earthly man.

And as I sat the birds harkening thus,
Methought that I heard voices suddenly,

The most sweetest and most delicious
 That ever any wight I trow truly
 Heard in their life, for the harmony
 And sweet accord was in such good music,
 That the voice to angels most was like.

CHAUCER.

FROM « THE COMPLAINT OF THE BLACK
 KNIGHT. »

I rose anon, and thought I would gone
 Into the wood, to hear the birds sing,
 When that the misty vapour was agone,
 And clear and fair was the morning,
 The dew also like silver in shining
 Upon the leaves, as any balm sweet,
 Till fiery Titan with his piercing heat
 Had dried up the lusty liquor new,
 Upon the herbs in the green mead,
 And that the flowers of many divers hue,
 Upon their stalks gan for to spread,
 And to display out their leaves abroad
 Against the sun, gold-burnish'd in his sphere,
 That down to them cast his beams clear. —

And in I went to hear the birds' song,
 Which on the branches, both in plain and vale
 So loud sang that all the wood rung
 Like as it should shiver in pieces small;
 And as methought, that the nightingale
 With such great might, her voice gan outwrest
 Right as her heart for love would burst.

The soil was plain, smooth, and wonder soft,
 All over-spread with carpets that nature
 Had made herself; covered eke aloft
 With boughs green, the flowers for to cure,
 That in their beauty they may long endure
 From all assault of Phæbus' fervent fire,
 Which in his sphere so hot shone and clear.

There saw I eke the fresh haw-thorn,
 In white motley, that so sweet doth smell,
 Ash, fir, and oak, with many a young acorn,
 And many a tree more than I can tell:
 And, me before, I saw a little well,
 That had his course, as I gan behold,
 Under an hill, with quick streams cold.

The gravel gold; the water pure as glass;
 The banks round the well environing;
 And soft as velvet the young grass
 That there upon lustily came springing,
 The suit of trees about compassing
 Their shadow cast closing the well round,
 And all the herbs growing on the ground.

CHAUCER.

FROM THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

— I came to a land of white and green,
 So fair one had I never in been:
 The ground was green: ypowdred with daisies.
 The flowers and the groves likewise,
 All green and white, was nothing else seen.

There sat I down among the fair flowers:
 And saw the birds trip out of their bowers,
 There as they rested them all the night,
 They were so joyful of the day's light,
 They began of may for to done honours.

They coud that service all by rote,
 There was many a lovely note,
 Some sung loud as they had plained,
 And some in other manner voice yfeigned,
 And some all out with the full throat.

They proyned them, and made them right gay,
 And danced and leaped on the spray;
 And evermore two and two in fere,

Right so as they had chosen them to yere
In february upon Saint Valentine's day.

And the river that I sat upon,
It made such a noise as it ran,
According with the birds' harmony,
Methought it was the best melody
That might be heard of any man. CHAUCER.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VERSES WHILE A PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK.

Oh, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witness this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quitt.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed.
Causing the guiltles to be strait reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A SONNET.

The doubt of future foes,
Exiles my present joy;
And wit me warnes to shun such snare,
As threaten mine annoy.

For falshood now doth flow,
And subject faith doth ebbe;
Which would not be if reason rul'd,
Or wisdom wew'd the webbe.

But clowdes of toyes untried
Do cloake aspiring mindes;
Which turn to rain of late repent,
By course of changed windes,

The toppe of hope supposed
The roote of ruthe wil be;

And frutelesse all their graffed guiles,
As shortly ye shall see.

Then dazeld eyes with pride,
Which great ambition blindes,
Shal be unseeld by worthy wights,
Whose foresight falsehood finde.

The daughter of debate,
That eke discord doth sowe,
Shal reape no gaine where former rule
Hath taught stil peace to growe.

No forreine bannisht wight
Shall ancre in this port;
Our realme it brooke no stranger's force;
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sworde with rest;
Shall First his edge employ
Shall quickly poll their toppes, that seeke
Such change, and gape for joy.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ADONIS'S GARDEN.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightful garden grows
Should happy be, and have immortal bliss
For here all plenty and all pleasure flows. —

Right in the middle of that paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughs sharp steel did never lop,
Nor wicked beast their tender bud's did crop:
But, like a gardland compassed the height,
And from their fruitful sides sweet gums did drop,
That all the ground with precious dew bedight
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight!
And, in the thickest covert in that shade,

There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
 But of the trees own inclination made,
 Which knitting their rank branches, part to part,
 With wanton ivy-twine entail'd athwart,
 And eglantine and caprisole among,
 Fashion'd above within her inmost part, [throng,
 That neither Phœbus' beams could through them
 Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong.

SPENSER.

MORNING.

At last fair Hesperus, in his highest sky
 Had spent his lamp, and brought forth dawning light,
 Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
 The dwarf him brought his steed: so both away did fly.
 Soon as the fiery streaks with purple beams
 Disperse the shadows of the misty night,
 And Titan playing on the eastern streams,
 'Gan clear the dewy air with springing light:
 So soon as day, forth dawning from the east,
 Night's humid curtain from the heavens withdrew,
 And early calling forth both man and beast,
 Commanded them their daily works renew.

SPENSER.

PALACE OF SLEEP.

To Morpheus' house doth hastily repair:
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
 And low, where dawning day doth never peep,
 His dwelling is; there Thetys her wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
 In silver dew his ever drooping head, [spread.
 While sad night over him her mantle black doth
 Whose double gates he findeth looked fast,
 The one fair fram'd with burnish'd ivory,
 The other all with silver overcast;

And wakeful dogs before them far do lie
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.
 By them the spright doth pass in quietly,
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deep,
 In drowsy fit he finds, of nothing he takes keep.
 And more to lull him in his slumbers soft,
 A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
 And ever drizzling rain upon the loft,
 Mix'd with a murmuring wind, much like the sound
 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoon:
 No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,
 As still are wont t' annoy the walled town,
 Might there be heard: but careless quiet lies,
 Wrapp'd in eternal silence, far from enemies.

SPENSER.

HOPE.

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome maid,
 Of cheerful look and lovely to behold;
 In silken samite she was light array'd;
 And her fair locks were woven up in gold;
 She always smil'd, and in her hand did hold
 A holy-water sprinkle dipp'd in dew,
 With which she sprinkl'd favours manifold
 On whom she list, and did great liking show,
 Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

SPENSER.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love
 And we wil all the pleasures prove,
 That hils and vallies, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

There wil we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the Shepherds feed their flocks,

By shallow rivers , to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There wil I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies ,
A cap of Flowers, and a kirtle ,
Imbroidered al with leaves of mirtle :

A gown made of the finest wool ,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull :
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold ,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of strew , and ivie buds ,
With coral clasps, and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move ,
Then live with me , and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing.
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move ,
Then live with me , and be my love.

CH. MARLOW.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the world and love were young ;
And truth in every shepherd's tounge ,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee , and be thy love ,

But time drives flocks from field to fold
When rivers rage , and rocks grow cold ,
And Philomel becometh dumb ,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade , and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield :
A honey tongue , a heart of gall ,
Is fancied spring , but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns , thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap , thy kirtle and thy posies ,

Soon break , soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe , in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivie buds ,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee , and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joyes no date , nor age no meed ;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee , and be thy love.

WALTER RALEIGH.

LIFE AND DEATH WEIGHED.

To be , or not to be , that is the question ; —
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind , to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles ,
And by opposing, end them : To die , — to sleep —
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache , and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to ; — 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ; to sleep : —
To sleep ! perchance to dream ; ay , there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come ,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil ,
Must give us pause : — there's the respect ,
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time ,
Th'oppressor's wrong , the proud man's contumely ,
The pangs of despis'd love , the law's delay ,
The insolence of office , and the spurns
That patience merit of th' unworthy takes ,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear ,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;
But that the dread of something after death —
The undiscover'd country , from whose bourn

No traveller returns — puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

SHAKSPEARE. *Hamlet.*

THE KING'S DESPAIRING SOLILOQUY.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n;
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't,
 A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will;
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer, but this twofold force; —
 To be forestall'd, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
 That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, my own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice:
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above:
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies

In its true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
 To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
 Try what repentance can : what can it not ?
 Yet what can it , when one cannot repent ?
 O wretched state ! O bosom , black as death !
 O limed soul ! that , struggling to be free ,
 Art more engag'd ! Help , angels , make assay !
 Bow , stubborn knees ! and , heart , with strings of steel ,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe ;
 All may be well !

SHAKSPEARE. *Hamlet.*

ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

Friends , Romans , Countrymen , lend me your ears ;
 I come to bury Cæsar , not to praise him.
 The evil that men do , lives after them ;
 The good is oft interred with their bones ;
 So let it be with Cæsar ! Noble Brutus
 Hath told you , Cæsar was ambitious ;
 If it were so , it was a grievous fault ;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here , under leave of Brutus , and the rest ,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man ;
 So are they all , all honourable men) ;
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend , faithful and just to me ;
 But Brutus says , he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome ,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cried , Cæsar hath wept :
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
 Yet Brutus says , he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see , that on the Lupercal ,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious?
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me.
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me. —

* * * * *

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
 That day he overcame the Nervii:—
 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made.—
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd!
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
 Judge, oh ye gods! how dearly Cæsar loved him!
 This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;
 And in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my Countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what weep you when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ! look you here !
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors. —

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable ;
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,
And will no doubt, with reason answer you
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That loves my friend : and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him ;
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on :
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouthes !

And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits ; and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

SHAKSPEARE. *Julius Cæsar*..

LEAR'S PASSIONATE EXCLAMATION AMIDST THE TEMPEST.

Blow, wind ! and crack your cheeks ! rage ! blow
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks !
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head ! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world !
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man ! * * * *
Rumble thy belly-full ! spit fire ! spout rain !

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters :
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
 You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
 A poor infirm, weak, and despis'd old man : —
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd'
 Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. O ! O ! 'tis foul !
 * * * * * Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of justice : hide thee, thou bloody hand;
 Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue,
 That under covert and convenient seeming
 Hast practis'd on man's life ! — Close pent-up guilts,
 Rive your concealing continents, and cry
 These dreadful summoners' grace. — I am a man,
 More sinn'd against, than sinning.

* * * * *
 Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this ! Take physic, pomp ;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
 And show the heavens more just.

SHAKSPEARE. *King Lear.*

THE MURDERING SCENE. MACBETH ALONE.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me, [thee : —
 The handle tow'rd my hand ? Come, let me clutch
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw. —
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. — There's no such thing
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offering; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rd his design
 Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat, he lives;
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.

SHAKSPEARE. *Macbeth.*

MACBETH ON THE APPARITION OF BANQUO'S GHOST.

Lady M. My royal lord,
 You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
 That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
 'Tis given with welcome: to feed, were best at home;
 From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony:
 Meeting were bare without it.

TT	TT	TT
E-E	E-E	E
LL	LL	L
III	III	II
TT	TT	TT

Macb. Sweet remembrancer! —
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Lenox. May't please your highness sit?
[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in
Macbeth's place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full! [*Starting.*]

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your
highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord,

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: — my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary! upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man?

[*To Macb. aside.*]

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which you said, [*Aside.*]
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? when all's done,

You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! Behold! look! lo! how
say you? [Pointing to the Ghost.

Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too. —
If charnel-house, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back — our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [The Ghost vanishes.

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal; [time,
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget: —
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down: — give me some wine, fill full:
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge. [The Ghost rises again.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide
thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble, or, be alive again,
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
 If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*The Ghost vanishes.*

Unreal mockery, hence! — Why, so, being gone,
 I am a man again. — Pray you, sit still. [*The Lords rise.*

SHAKSPEARE. *Macbeth,*

RICHARD ON HIS OWN DEFORMITY.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings:
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
 And now, — instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries —
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them; —
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on my own deformity:

And therefore, — since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

SHAKSPEARE, *Richard III.*

TYRREL'S DESCRIPTION OF THE MURDER OF THE TWO YOUNG PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch-deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
« O thus, » quoth Dighton, « lay the gentle babes! »
« Thus, thus, » quoth Forrest, « girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, » quoth Forrest, « almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil! » — there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on, — « We smothered
The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd. »
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

SHAKSPEARE, *Richard III*

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

Brakenbury. What was your dream my lord? I pray
you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;
 And , in my company , my brother Glo'ster ;
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches : thence we look'd toward England ,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times ,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster ,
 That had befallen us. As we pac'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches ,
 Methought , that Glo'ster stumbled ; and , in falling ,
 Struck me , that thought to stay him , overboard ,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord ! methought , what pain it was to drown !
 What dreadful noise of water in my ears !

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !

Methought , I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;

A thousand men , that fishes gnaw'd upon ;

Wedges of gold , great anchors , heaps of pearl ,

Inestimable stones , unvalued jewels ,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea ,

Some lay in dead men's skulls , and in those holes ,

Where eyes did once inhabit , there were crept

(As twere in scorn of eyes ,) reflecting gems ,

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep ,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death ,
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought , I had ; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood

Kept in my soul , and would not let it forth

To seek the empty vast , and wand'ring air ;

But smother'd it within my panting bulk ,

Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony ?

Clar. O , no , my dream was lengthen'd after life :
 O , then began the tempest of my soul !

I pass'd , methought , the melancholy flood ,

With that grim ferryman which poets write of ,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul ,

Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick :
 Who cri'd aloud, — « What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?
 And so vanish'd : Ther came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud, —
 « Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjur'd Cla-
 rence, —

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkeskury ; —
 Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments ! »
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling wak'd ; and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell :
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you ;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done those things,
 That now give evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake ; and, see, how he requites me !
 O god ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :
 O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children !

SHAKSPEARE, *Richard III.*

QUEEN MAB.

O then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;

The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams :
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
 Her waggoner, a small grey coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm,
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
 Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night,
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight ;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice :
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
 That plaits the manes of horses in the night,
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which once entangled, much misfortune bodes.

SHAKSPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet.*

ROMEO AND JULIET'S SEPARATION.

Jul. Wilt thou begone ? it is not yet near day :
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree :
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops ;
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I ;
 It is some meteor, that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads. —

SHAKSPEARE, *Romeo.*

JULIET'S SOLILOQUY ON DRINKING THE POTION.

Farewell! — God knows, when whe shall meet again.
 I have a faint cold fear thrills thro' my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life :
 I'll call them back again to comfort me ; —
 Nurse ! — what should she do here ?
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone. —
 Come, phial. —

What if this mixture do not work at all ?
 Must I of force be married to the county ?
 No, no ! this shall forbid it — lie thou there. —

[*Pointing to a dagger.*

What if it be a poison, which the friar
 Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead ;
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
 Because he married me before to Romeo ?
 I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man :
 I will not entertain so bad a thought. —

How if when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place, —
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort; —
 Alack! alack! is it not like that I
 So early waking, — what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad; —
 O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
 O, look? methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point! — Stay, Tybalt, stay! —
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*

SHAKSPEARE, *Romeo.*

THE FLORIST.

The Florist, when the winters rage is o'er,
 When frosts, and snows, and tempests are no more,
 To the kind soil commits the future flower:
 Now genial heats unbind the teeming root,
 Swell it with life, and make the fibres shoot:

He sees the rising vegetable rear
 The tender stalk, and trust itself in air:
 Now western gales breathe thro' the vernal sky,
 Unfold the bud, and show its various dye:
 Secure he views his labour with delight,
 When, unexpected, in one piercing night
 His promised joys are crush'd by a disastrous blight.

BEN JONSON.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
 Death, ere thou hast slain another,
 Fair, and wise, and good as she
 Time shall throw his dart at thee.

BEN JONSON.

ANOTHER EPITAPH.

Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much virtue as could die;
 Which, when alive, did vigour give
 To as much beauty as could live.
 If she had a single fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.

BEN JONSON.

FROM A PANEGYRIC ON CROMWELL.

The sea's our own: and now, all nations greet
 With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet:
 Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
 Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.
 Heaven (that hath plac'd this island to give law,

To balance Europe, and her states to awe,)
 In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
 The greatest leader, and the greatest isle
 Whether this portion of the world were rent,
 By the rude ocean, from the continent,
 Or thus created; it was sure design'd
 To be the sacred refuge of mankind. * * *
 Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
 Whole forests send to reign upon the sea;
 And every coast may trouble, or relieve:
 But none can visit us without your leave.
 Angels and we have this prerogative,
 That none can at our happy seats arrive:
 While we descend at pleasure, to invade
 The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.
 Our little world, the image of the great,
 Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
 Of her own growth hath all that nature craves,
 And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.—
 The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
 Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow;
 Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine:
 And, without planting, drink of every vine.
 To dig for wealth, we weary not our limbs;
 Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.
 Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
 We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

WALLER.

ON A GIRDLE.

That, which her slender waist confin'd,
 Shall now my joyful temples bind:
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this has done.
 It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer:
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass ! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good , and all that's fair :
 Give me but what this ribbon bound ,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

WALLER.

FANCY-

There is the place which man most high doth rear ,
 The small world's heaven , where reason moves the sphere
 Here in a robe which does all colours show ,
 (Th'envy of birds , and of the cloud's gaudy bow)
 Fancy , wild dame , with much lascivious pride ,
 By twin-cameleons , drawn does gaily ride ,
 Her coach there follows , and throngs round about
 Of shapes and airy forms an soundless rout :
 A sea rolls on with harmless fury here ,
 Straight 't is a field , and trees and herbs appear.
 Here in a moment are vast armies made
 And a quick scene of war and blood display'd.
 Here sparkling wines , and brighter maids come in ,
 The bawds for sense , and lying baits of sin.
 Some things arise of strange and quarrelling kind ,
 The forepart lion , and a snake behind.
 Here golden mountains swell the cov'tous place ,
 And centaurs ride themselves , a painted race.
 Of these slight wonders Nature sees the store ,
 And only then accounts herself but poor.

COWLEY.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect ! What can be
 In happiness compared to thee ?
 Fed with nourishment divine ,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine !
 Nature waits upon thee still ,
 And thy verdant cup does fill
 Thou dost drink , and dance and sing ,

Happier than the happiest king !
 All the fields which thou dost sec ,
 All the plants, belong to thee
 All that summer hours produce ,
 Fertile mode with early juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plough —
 Farmer he, and landlord thou !
 Thou dost inn'cently enjoy,
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripen'd year !
 To thee, of all things upon earth ,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect, happy, thou
 Dost neither age nor winter know ;
 But, when thou'st drunk, and danced , and sung
 Thy filk, the flowery leaves among ,
 Sated with thy summer feast ,
 Thou retirest to endless rest.

COWLEY.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

Happy the man who his whole time doth bound
 Within th'inclosure of his little ground :
 Happy the man whom the same humble place
 (Th'hereditary cottage of his race)
 From his first rising infancy has known,
 And by degrees sees gently bending down,
 With natural propension, to that earth
 Which both preserved his life and gave him birth
 Him no false distant lights, by Fortune set,
 Could ever into foolish wandring's get ;
 He never dangers either saw or fear'd ;
 The dreadful storms at sea he never heard :
 He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
 Or the worse noises of the lawyer's bar :
 No change of consuls marks to him the year ;
 The change of seasons is his calendar :

The cold and heat winter and summer shows :
 Autumn by fruits and spring by flowers, he knows :
 He measures time by landmarks. And has found ,
 For the whole day the dial of his ground ;
 A neighb'ring wood , born with himself , he sees ,
 And loves his old contemporary trees :
 He has only heard of near Verona's name ,
 And knows it, like the Indies , but by fame :
 Does with a like concernment notice take
 Of the Red-Sea , and of Benacul's lake :
 Thus health and strength he a third age enjoys ,
 And sees a long posterity of boys.
 About the spacious world let others roam ,
 The voyage of life is longest made at home.

COWLEY.

FROM COOPER'S HILL.

My eye , descending from the hill , surveys
 Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays :
 Thames , the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
 By his old sire , to his embraces runs ;
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea ,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity.
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold ,
 Whose foam is amber , and their gravel gold ,
 His genuine and less guilty wealth t'explore ,
 Search not his bottom , but survey his shore ,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing ,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring ;
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay ,
 Like mothers who their infants overlay ;
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave ,
 Like profuse kings , resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes , or mock the ploughman's toil :
 But godlike his unweari'd bounty flows ;
 First loves to do , then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd ,

But free and common, as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visit the world, and in his flying tow'r's
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants;
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us, no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.—
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds: his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd;
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river health and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard!
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece; to show how soon
Great things are made; but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a noble prey devour:
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,

And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eyes nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound,
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound;
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had giv'n this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all his fears are true.
Bertray'd in all his strength, the wood beset;
All instruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head:
With these t'avoid, with that his fate to meet:
But fear prevails and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks; the herd unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies;
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuer's scorn,
With shame remembers; while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done. —
Now ev'ry leaf and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Weari'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety on despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,

Himself by dogs , the dogs by men pursu'd ,
 He straight revokes his bold resolve , and more
 Repents his courage than his fear before ;
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are ,
 And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
 Then to the stream , when neither friends nor force ,
 Nor speed , nor art avails , he shapes his course ,
 Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
 An element more merciless than they.
 But fearless they pursue , nor can the flood
 Quench their dire thirst ; alas they thirst for blood !
 So tow'rds a ship the oar-finn'd galleys ply ,
 Which wanting sea to ride , or wind to fly ,
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
 Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
 So fares the stag among th' enraged hounds ,
 Repels their force , and wounds returns for wounds ;
 And as a hero , whom his baser foes
 In troops surround , now these assails , now those ,
 Though prodigal of life , disdains to die
 By common hands , but if he can descry
 Some nobler foe approach , to him he calls ,
 And begs his fate , and then contented falls ,
 So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
 From his unerring hand , then glad to die ,
 Proud of the wound , to it resigns his blood ,
 And stains the crystal with a purple flood.

DENHAM.

DAY-BREAK.

See , the day begins to break
 And the light shoots like a streak
 Of subtle fire : the wind blows cold
 While the morning doth unfold ,
 Now the bird begins to rouse ,
 And the squirrel from the boughs
 Leaps , to get him nuts and fruit :
 The early lark , that erst was mute :

Carols in the rising day
Many a note and many a lay.

FLETCHER.

PROVIDENCE.

Lo ! now the ways of the Heaven's Eternal King
To man are open !
Review them and adore ! hear the loud voice
Of Wisdom sounding in her work ! — « Attend,
« Ye sons of men ! ye children of the dust,
« Be wise ! Lo ! I was present when the sire
« Of Heaven pronounced his fiat, when his eye
« Glanced thro' the gulf of darkness, and his hand
« Fashion'd the rising universe : I saw
« O'er the fair lawn the heaving mountains rise
« Their pine clad spires ; and down the shaggy cliff
« I gave the rill to murmur : The rough mounds
« That bound the madd'ning deep ; the storm that roars
« Along the desert ; the volcano fraught
« With burning brimstone ; — I prescribe their ends ;
« I rule the rushing winds, and on their wings
« Triumphant, walk the tempest. — To my call
« Obsequious follows the red bolt, that tears
« The cloud's thin mantle, when the gushing shower
« Descending copious bids the desert bloom.
« I gave to man's dark search superior light ?
« And clear'd dim Reason's misty view, to mark
« His powers, as thro' revolving ages tried,
« They rose not to his Maker. Thus prepared
« To know how distant from his narrow ken
« The truths by Heaven reveal'd, my hand display'd
« The plan fair opening, where each nobler view,
« That swells th'expanding heart : each glorious hope,
« That points ambition to its goal ; each aim
« That stirs, exacts, and animates desire,
« Pours on the mind's rapt sight a noontide ray.
« Nor less to life employ'd, 'tis mine to raise
« The desolate of heart ; to bend the brow
« Of stubborn Pride ; to bid reluctant ire
« Subside ; to tame rude Nature to the rein

« Of Virtue. What tho', screen'd from mortal view,
 « I walk the deep'ning gloom? What tho' my ways,
 « Remote from Thought's bewilder'd search, are wrapt
 « In triple darkness? Yet I work the springs
 « Of life, and to the gen'ral good direct
 « Th'obsequious means to move. O ye, who toss'd
 « On life's tumultuous ocean, eye the shore,
 « Yet far removed; and wish the happy hour,
 « When slumber on her downy couch shall lull
 « Your cares to swelt repose yet bear awhile,
 « And I will guide you to the balmy climes
 « Of rest; will lay you by the silver stream
 « Crown'd with Elysian bowers, where peace extends
 « Her blooming olive, and the tempest pours
 « Its killing blast no more.» Thus wisdom speaks
 To man; thus calls him thro' the external form
 Of Nature, thro' religion's fuller noon,
 Thro' lif's bewild'ring mazes; to observe

A PROVIDENCE IN ALL.

OGILVIE.

IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS.

Great monarch of the world, from whose power springs
 The potency and power of kings,
 Record the royal woe my suffering sings;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
 Its faculties in truth's seraphick line,
 To trace the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
 (The only root of righteous royaltie)
 With this dim diadem invested me:

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe,
 The holy unction, and the royal globe;
 Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
 Upon my grief, my gray discrowned head,
 And those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war, and christen it the cause,
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation,
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season
Attend me (by the law of God and reason),
They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,
Pious episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismatics are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,
The crown is crucified with the creed.

The church of England doth all factions foster
The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor
Extempore excludes the Pater-noster.

The Presbyter and independent seed
Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplaced by every pavier:
With such a bloody method and behaviour
Their ancestors did crucify our saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb,
So many princes legally have come,
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
Whilst on his fathers head his foes advance;
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound;
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd
So doth the dust destroy the Diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, t'advance my diadem,
If I will first fall down and worship them!

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
Distress my children and destroy my bones,
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traitor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allow'd to answer ere they die;
'Tis death for me to ask the reasons, why.

But, sacred saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such, as thou know'st, do not know what they do.

For since they from their Lord are so disjointed.
As to condemn those edicts he appointed
How can they prize the power of his anointed?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,
Yet though we perish, bless this church and state.

THE KING CHARLES I.

THE PANDEMONIUM.

... All access was throng'd, the gates,
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall,
Thick swarm'd both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dew and flow'rs
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till the signal giv'n,

Behold a wonder ! They but now who seem'd
 In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons ,
 Now less than smallest dwarfs , in narrow room
 Throng numberless , like that Pygmean race
 Beyond the Indian mount ; or fairy elves ,
 Whose midnight revels by a forest side ,
 Or fountain , some belated peasant sees ,
 Or dreams he sees ; while over-head the moon
 Sits arbitress , and nearer to the earth
 Wheels her pale course ; they , on their mirth and dance
 Intent , with jocund music charm his ear ;
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
 Thus incorporeal sp'rits to smallest forms
 Reduc'd their shapes immense , and were at large ,
 Though without number still amidst the hall
 Of that infernal court. But far within ,
 And in their own dimensions like themselves ,
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
 In close recess and secret conclave sat ,
 A thousand demi-gods on golden seats ,
 Frequent and full.

MILTON.

CREATION OF MAN.

Now heaven in all her glory shone , and roll'd
 Her motions , as the great first Mover's hand
 First wheel'd their course : Earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovely smil'd ; air , water , earth ,
 By fowl , fish , beast , was flown , was swum , was walk'd
 Frequent ; and of the sixth day yet remain'd :
 There wanted yet the master work , the end
 Of all yet done ; a creature , who , not prone
 And brute as other creatures , but endued
 With sanctity of reason , might erect
 His stature , and upright with front serene
 Govern the rest , self-knowing ; and from thence
 Magnanimous to correspond with heaven ,
 But grateful to acknowledge whence , his good
 Descends , thither with heart , and voice , and eyes
 Directed in devotion , to adore

And worship God Supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works : therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present ?) thus to his son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the Earth
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Dust of the ground and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of life; in the image of God
Express; and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee; but the consort
Female, for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth;
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea; and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the Earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name, thence as thou know'st
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee; all sorts are here that the Earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest,
Death is the penalty impos'd; beware,
And govern well thy appetite; lest sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold! all was entirely good;
So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day;
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode;
Thence to behold this new created world,

The addition of his empire ; how it show'd
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode
 Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd
 Angelick harmonies : the earth, the air
 Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst,
 The heavens and all the constellations rung,
 The planets in their station listening stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant,

MILTON.

HUMAN MISERIES AND HIS CONTRASTS.

. O sight
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel !
 To whom thus Michael. Death thou hast seen
 In his first shape on man ; but many shapes
 Of death, and many are the ways that lead
 To his grim cave, all dismal ; yet to sense
 More terrible at the entrance, than within.
 Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die ;
 By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
 In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew,
 Before thee shall appear ; that thou may'st know
 What misery the inabstinence of Eve
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
 Before his eyes appear'd, sad noisome, dark ;
 A lazarus-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
 Numbers of all diseas'd ; all maladies
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture qualms
 Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colick-pangs,
 Demoniack phrenzy, moaping melancholy,
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,

Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums,
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; despair
 Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch;
 And over them triumphant death his dart
 Shook, but delay'd to strike though oft invoc'd
 With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
 Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
 Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears
 A space, till firmer thought restrain'd excess.
 And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renew'd.
 O miserable mankind, to what fall
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
 Better end here unborn. Why is life given,
 To be thus wrested from us? rather, why
 Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
 What we receive, would either not accept
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down;
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
 The image of god in man, created once
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
 To such unsightly suffering's be debas'd
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not man
 Retaining still divine similitude
 In part from such deformities be free,
 And, for his maker's image sake, exempt?
 Their maker's image, answer'd Michael, then.
 Forsook them when themselves they vilified
 To serve ungovern'd appetite; and took
 His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
 Therefore so abject is their punishment.
 Disfiguring not, god's likeness, but their own;
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd;
 While they pervert pure natur's healthful rules
 To loathsome sickness; worthily, since they
 God's image did not reverence in themselves,

I yield it just, said Adam, and submit

But is there yet no other way besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe
The rule of not too much; by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return;
So may'st thou live; till like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature;
This is old age; but then, thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty; which will change
Towith'er'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
To what thou tast, and, for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The balm of life. To whom our ancestor:

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much; bent rather, how I may be quit,
Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge;
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendering up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael replied.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long, or short, permit to Heaven.

MILTON.

TO LUCASTA,

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To warre and armes I flie.

True; a new mistresse now I chase,
The first foe in the field;

And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Lov'd I not honor more.

R. LOVELACE.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

When love with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings,
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire,
Know no such libertie.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd
Our hearts with loyal flames:
When thirsty grieve in wine we steepe,
When health and draughts goe free,
Fishes that tipple in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

When linnet-like, confined, I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage:

If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soule am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such libertie. R. LOVELACE

THE HORSE OF SIR HUDIBRAS.

The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
 With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
 I would say eye, for he'd but one,
 As most agree, tho' some say none:
 He was well stay'd, and in his gait
 Preserved a grave majestic state:
 At spur or switch, no more he skipp'd,
 Or mended pace, than *Spaniard* whipp'd,
 And yet so fiery, he would bound,
 As if he grieved' to touch the ground;
 That *Cæsar's* horse, who, as fame goes,
 Had corns upon his feet and toes,
 Was not by half so tender hoof'd
 Nor trod upon the ground so soft,
 And as that beast would kneel or stoop
 (Some write) to take his rider up:
 So Hudibras's ('t is well known)
 Would often do to set him down.
 His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
 Like furrows he himself had plow'd;
 For underneath the skirt of pannel,
 'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.
 His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
 Which on his rider he would flirt;
 Still as his tender side he prick'd
 With arm'd heel, or, with unarm'd, kick'd;
 For Hudibras wore but one spur,
 As wisely knowing could he stir
 To active trot one side of's horse,
 The other would not hang an arse.

REASON.

Reason, an ignis fatuus in the mind,
 Which leaving light of nature, sense, behind,
 Pathless and dang'rous wand'ring ways it takes,
 Thro' Error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes;
 Whilst the misguided follow'r climbs with pain
 Mountains of whimsies, heap'd in her own brain;
 Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong down
 Into Doubt's boundless sea, where, like to drown,
 Books bear him up awhile, and make him try
 To swim with bladders of Philosophy;
 In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping light,
 The vapour dances in his dazzling sight,
 Till, spent, it leaves him to eternal night.
 Then old Age and Experience, hand in hand
 Lead him to death, and make him understand,
 After a search so painful and so long,
 That, all his life, he has been in the wrong.
 Huddled in dirt, the reas'ning engine lies,
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise.

ROCHESTER.

THE COMMONS' PETITION TO KING
CHARLES II.

In all humility we crave
 Our sovereign may be our slave;
 And humbly beg that he may be
 Betray'd by us most loyally:
 And if he please once to lay down
 His sceptre, dignity, and crown,
 We'll make him for the time to come
 The greatest prince in Christendom

THE KING'S ANSWER.

Charles, at this time having no need,
 Thanks you as much as if he did.

ROCHESTER.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS AND THE OYSTER.

Ye men of a contentious spirit ;
 To you the following tale I write ;
 Which , duly weigh'd , the harpy race
 That now our court's of law disgrace ,
 Might turn their heads to honest ends ,
 To useful purposes their hands :
 For all the noisy bar will flee
 If they reflect upon the fee.

One day (to name the place and time
 Would be mal a propos in rhyme) ,
 Two hungry travellers on their road
 An oyster found — each blest his God ,
 With solemn phrase his right contested
 And vow'd it was in him invested.
 While they litigiously contended ,
 Came Justice , with her scales suspended.
 « Sure wisdom dwells in such a face ! » —
 To her they both refer their case.
 The cause of dispute Justice weighs ,
 Demands the oyster for her fees ,
 And opes and sucks it in their sight ;
 Then , as befits vexatious wight ,
 And as authentic records tell ,
 She to each claimant gave a shell.
 Now , with the look of modern lawyer ,
 When he has fleeced a thoughtless heir ,
 She said — « Did fools not thus debate ,
 I should enjoy my ease and state.
 Adieu — be friends — the oyster's good. »
 They acquiesced — and humbly bow'd.

W. RUSSELL.

THE OAK AND THE REED.

A FABLE.

The oak , one day , said to the reed ,
 « Your lot is pitiful indeed.

A breeze to you a tempest seems.
If Zephyrus only crisp the streams,
You are obliged to bend your head;
While I my front rear without dread
Upon the lofty mountain's brow,
Nor to the rage of Boreas bow.
The rising sun my state surveys,
And I arrest his setting rays.
You in a tempest oft are tost,
When I feel but a gale at most.
Would you take shelter in the shade
With which I shield the neighbouring glade,
I would protect you from the ire
Of all the storms, should they conspire.
But you, alas! are often found
Upon some common's marshy bound,
Exposed to every boisterous wind:
Sure nature is to thee unkind. »

The reed replied, « so much compassion
Displays a generous disposition:
But cease thy care; the winds to me
Are less alarming than to thee.
At their approach I quickly bend,
Nor ever with their rage contend.
Thou hast till now their force withstood,
And ne'er that princely back hast bow'd:
But mark the end. » — As this he said,
A gathering tempest he survey'd;
The eldest offspring of the north
Rush'd in his iron chariot forth.
The stout oak stood, the weak reed bended
The furious wind his efforts mended,
And on the tree so fiercely fell,
That he, whose head in heaven was lost,
Whose feet extended low as hell,
Was from his seat imperial tost.

W. RUSSEL.

THE LYNX AND THE MOLE.

Ye sons of genius! who despise
The lot of the laborious swain,
Bend down a moment from the skies,
And listen to my faithful strain.

Beneath the covert of a wood,
With eyes bright as the orb of day,
An animal of highest brood,
A lynx, lay couching for his prey,

A mole within her hill he spied,
Which she, industrious, strove to raise;
« Alas, unhappy wretch! » he cried,
And on the creature fix'd his gaze.

« Sure Jove to thee has been unjust;
Debarr'd the cheerful light of heaven!
Condemn'd to grovel in the dust!
He better had no being given.

« I owe you thanks, » the mole replied,
« For that compassion which you show;
But nothing is to me denied
That would not be the source of woe.

« My faculties suit my condition,
And that my faculties again;
This bosom never knew ambition,
And seldom has experienced pain.

« I cannot boast your piercing sight —
Your piercing sight I do not need;
My labours are not in the light:
But I have hearing in its stead.

« I'm warn'd now — for example — hark!
A noise informs me hence to fly.
I seek the regions of the dark;
You on your sight and strength rely.

She said — and, guided by her ear.
 Into the earth she quickly slung;
 When quivering came the hunter's spear,
 And to the heart the lynx it stung.

Ah! what avail his piercing eyes?
 His paws that from the flint struck fire?
 A victim to contempt he dies —
 To those keen parts which men admire.

W. RUSSEL.

THE FOUR AGES

One that has nearly learnt to speak and go,
 Loves childish plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd
 And changes ev'ry hour his wavr'ing mind.

A youth that first casts off his tutor's yoke
 Loves horses hounds and sport, and exercise,
 Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,
 Proud, careless, fond, inconstant and profuse.
 Gain and ambition rule our riper years
 And make us slaves to interest and pow'r.

Old men are only walking hospitals,
 Where all defects and all diseases crowd
 With restless pain, and more tormenting fear
 Lazy, morose, full of delay and hopes
 Oppress'd with riches which they dare not use,
 Ill-natur'd censors of the present age,
 And fond of all the follies of the past!

ROSCOMMON.

FROM VENICE PRESERVED.

Pierre. Who art thou?

Jaffier. Jaffier, thy friend, thy once loved valued friend!
 Though now deservedly scorn'd, and used most hardly!

Pier. Thou Jaffier! thou my once loved, valued friend!
 The man so called my friend,

Was generous, honest, faithful, just and valiant;
 Noble in mind, and in his person lovely;
 Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:
 But thou a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
 Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect;
 All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.

Jaff. I have not wrong'd thee; by these tears I have
 (not;

But still am honest, true, and hope too, valiant.

Pier. Hast thou not wrong'd me? darest thou call thyself
 That once loved, valued friend of mine,

And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? whence these
 (chains?

Whence the vile death, which I may meet this moment
 Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?

Jaff. All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking

Pier. What's that?

Jaff. To take thy life on such conditions

The council have proposed.

Pier. Life! ask my life! confess! record myself

A villain for the privilege to breathe,

And carry up and down this cursed city

A discontented and repining spirit,

Burdensome to itself, a few years longer,

To lose it, may be, at last, in a lewd quarrel

For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!

Jaff. No, thou shalt yet not force me from thee;

I'll weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty

Till wounded by my sufferings thou relent,

And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

Pier. As when first my foolish heart took pity

On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,

Believed thy wants, and raised thee from state

Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plunged thee,

To rank thee in my list of noble friends;

All I received, in surety for thy truth

Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,

Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast stolen:

So I restore it back to thee again;

Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
 Never from this cursed hour to hold communion,
 Friendship, or interest with thee, though our years
 Were to exceed those limited the world.
 Take it — farewell, for now I owe thee nothing.

OTWAY.

THE MORNING.

Wish'd morning's come, and now upon the plains,
 And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
 The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
 And with their pipes proclaim the new born day;
 The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
 Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
 With much content and appetite he eats,
 To follow in the field his daily toil,
 And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits:
 The beast, that under the warm hedges slept,
 And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up:
 And looking tow'rd the neighbouring pastures, raise
 Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good morrow,
 The cheerful birds too on the tops of trees
 Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes
 Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

OTWAY.

TO MORROW.

To-morrow, didst thou say?
 Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow!
 Go to — I will not hear of it — To-morrow!
 'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
 Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
 And pays thee naught but wishes, hopes, and promises;
 The currency of idiots. — Injurious bankrupt,
 That gulls, the easy creditor! To-morrow!
 It is a period no where to be found

In all the hoary registers of time,
 Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
 Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
 With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
 'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
 Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless
 As the fantastic visions of the evening.
 But soft, my friend — arrest the present moments;
 For be assured, they all are arrant tell tales;
 And though their flight be silent, and their path track-
 (less
 As the wing'd couriers of the air?
 They post to Heaven, and there record thy folly,
 Because, though station'd on the important watch;
 Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
 Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
 And know, for that thou slumb'redest on the guard,
 Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
 For every fugitive: and when thou thus
 Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
 Of hood-wink'd justice, who shall tell thy audit?
 Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio:
 Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings;
 'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
 Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain!
 O! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
 The good old patriarch upon record,
 Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

COTTON.

THE BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPARROW.

One summer's morn,
 A bee ranged o'er the verdant lawn;
 Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
 And loads with yellow wax her thighs.
 It chanced a frugal ant was near,
 Whose brow was furrow'd o'er by care,
 A great economist was she,

Nor less industrious than the bee ;
Hence every day the ant is found
With anxious steps to tread the ground
The active bee with pleasure saw
The ant fulfil her parent's law.
« Ah, sister labourer, » says she,
« How very fortunate are we,
Who taught in infancy to know
The comforts which from labour flow !
Why is our food so very sweet ?
Because we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants so very few ?
Because we nature's calls pursue.
Whence our complacency of mind ?
Because we act our parts assign'd.
Have we incessant tasks to do ?
Is not all nature busy too ?
Doth not the sun with constant pace
Persist to run the annual race ?
Do not the stars, which shine so bright,
Renew their courses every night ?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough ?
Or when did e'er the generous steed
Withhold his labour or his speed ?
If you all nature's system scan,
The only idle thing is man.

A wanton sparrow long'd to hear
This sage discourse, and straight drew near.
She found as on a spray she sat,
The little friends were deep in chat :
That virtue was their fav'rite theme
And toil and probity their scheme.
Such talk was hateful to her breast ;
She thought them arrant prudes at best.
She view'd the ant with savage eyes.
And hopp'd and hopp'd to snatch her prize
The bee, who watch'd her op'ning bill,
And guess'd her fell design to kill,

Ask'd her from what her anger rose?
And why she treated ants as foes?

« Whene'er, » said she, « I wish to dine,
I think the whole creation mine;
That I'm a bird of high degree,
And ev'ry insect made for me.

Hence, oft I search the emmet brood,
For emmets are delicious food;
And oft, in wantonness and play,
I slay ten thousand in a day. »

« O fie! » the honest bee replied,
« I fear you make base man your guide —
Of every creature sure the worst,
Though in creation's scale the first,
O spare the ant — her worth demands
Esteem and friendship at your hands.
A mind with ev'ry virtue blest
Must raise compassion in your breast. »

« Virtue! » rejoin'd the sneering bird,
Where did you learn that Gothic word?
Since I was hatch'd I never heard
That virtue was at all revered.

Virtue in fairy tales is seen
To play the goddess or the queen;
But what's a queen without the pow'r?
Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?
Yet this is all that virtue brags —
At best, 'tis only worth in rags.

Such whims my very heart derides;
Indeed you make me burst my sides.

Trust me, Miss Bee, to speak the truth,
I've copied man from earliest youth:

The same our taste, the same our school;
Passion and appetite our rule.

And call me bird, or call me sinner,
I'll ne'er forget my sport or dinner.

A prowling cat the miscreant spies,
And wide expands her amber eyes:

Near and more near grimalkin draws;
She wags her tail, protends her paws;

Then springing on her thoughtless prey,
 She bore the vicious bird away.
 Thus, in her cruelty and pride,
 The wicked, wanton sparrow died.

THE CHARMING NOTES OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Thus, in some poplar shade, the nightingale
 With piercing moans does her lost young bewail
 Which the rough hind observing, as they lay
 Warm in their downy nest, had stolen away:
 But she in mournful sounds does still complain,
 Sings all the night, though all her songs are vain,
 And still renews her miserable strain. LEE.

THE MORNING.

From amber shrouds I see the morning rise;
 Her rosy hands begin to paint the skies;
 And now the city emmets leave their hive,
 And rousing hinds to cheerful labour drive;
 High cliffs and rocks are pleasing objects now,
 And nature smiles upon the mountain brow:
 The joyful birds salute the sun's approach:
 The sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy coach;
 While from his ear the dropping gems distil,
 And all the earth, and all the heavens, do smile.

LEE.

FROM "ALL FOR LOVE."

ANTONY AND VENTILIUS.

Ant. They tell me 'tis my birth-day; and I'll keep it
 With double pomp of sadness.
 'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.
 Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
 Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,

Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downwards
 To be trod out by Cæsar? — Count thy gains;
 Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this?
 Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
 Has starv'd thy wanting age.

[Having thrown himself down.]

Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;
 The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
 Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
 Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
 When thou 'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
 Shrunk to a few cold ashes: then Octavia
 (For Cleopatra will not live to see it),
 Octavia then will have thee all her own,
 And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar.
 To see his rival of the universe
 Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't
 Give me some music; look that it be sad;
 I'll sooth my melancholy till I swell
 And burst myself with sighing —
 Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
 'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
 I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature;
 Of all forsaken and forsaking all;
 Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene;
 Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
 I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
 And look just of a piece as I grew from it:
 My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,
 Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
 Runs at my feet * * * * *

Vent. You thought me false;
 Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, Sir;
 Pray kill me; yet you need not, your unkindness
 Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;
 I said it in my rage: prythee forgive me.
 Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
 Of what I would not hear? * * * * *
 Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou mayst:

Thou only lov'st ; the rest have flatter'd me.

Vent. Heav'n's blessing on your heart, for that kind
May I believe you love me ? Speak again. [word.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.
Thy praises were unjust ; but I'll deserve 'em ,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt ,
Lead me to victory , thou knowst the way.

Vent. That's my royal master.
And shall we fight ?

Ant. I warrant thee old soldier ;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron ;
And at the head of our old troops , that beat
The Parthians , cry aloud , Come , follow me !

Vent. O , now I hear my emperor ! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods ! let me see that day ;
And , if I have ten years behind , take all ;
I'll thank you for th' exchange. — Methinks you breathe
Another soul ; your looks are more divine ;
You speak a hero , and you move a god.

Ant. O thou hast fir'd me ! My soul's up in arms ,
And mans each part about me. Once again
The noble eagerness , of fight hath seiz'd me ;
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp In vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way ; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head , and planted all my shield ;
I won the trenches , while my Foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

Vent. Ye gods , ye gods ,
For such another hour !

Ant. Come one , my soldier ;
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes ; that thou and I
Like Time and Death , marching before our troops
May taste Fate to' em , mow'em out a passage ,
And , ent'ring where the utmost squadrons yield ,
Begin the noble harvest of the Field.

DRYDEN.

THE COCK.

Within a homestead lived, without a peer
 For crowing loud, the noble chanticler
 More certain was the crowing of this cock
 To number hours than is an abbey clock;
 And sooner than the morning bell was rung,
 He clapp'd his wings upon his-roost and sung.
 High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
 In dents embattled like a castle wall?
 His bill was raven black, and shone like jet,
 Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet,
 White were his nails, like silver to behold;
 His body glitter'd like the burnish'd gold.

DRYDEN.

THE POLAR WINTER.

The sun from far peeps with a sickly face,
 Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chase,
 When up the skies he shoots his rosy head,
 Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed.
 Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd,
 And studded wheels are on their back sustain'd:
 And pathway now for Waggon, which before
 Tall ships of burthen on their bosom bore
 The brazen caldrons with the front are flaw'd;
 The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd;
 With axes first they cleave the wine, and thence
 By Weight the solid portions they dispense.
 From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
 Long icicles depend, and crackling sounds are heard.
 Meantime perpetual sleet and driving snow
 Obscure the skies and hang on herds below.
 The straving cattle perish in their stalls;
 Huge oxen stand inclosed in wint'ry walls
 Of snow congeal'd; whole herds are buried there
 Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear.

The dextrous huntsman wounds not these afar
 With shafts of darts, or makes a distant war
 With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their flight;
 But close engages in unequal fight;
 And while they strive in vain to make their way
 Through hills of snow, and pitifully bray,
 Assaults with dint of sword or pointed spears,
 And homeward, on his back, the burthen bears.
 The men to subterranean caves retire,
 Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire:
 With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load,
 Nor tempt th'inclemency of heaven abroad.
 Their jovial night in frolic and in play
 They pass, to drive the tedious hours away. DRYDEN.

TEMPLE OF MARS.

* * * * * On a bent,
 The temple stood of Mars armipotent:
 The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare
 From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.
 A straight long entry to the temple led,
 Blind with high walls, and Horror over head:
 Thence issued such a blast, and hollow roar,
 As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door;
 In through that door, a northern light there shone;
 'Twas all it had, for windows there were none;
 The gate was adamant, eternal frame! [came,
 Which, hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian quarries
 The labour of a god; and all along
 Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it strong.
 A tun about was every pillar there;
 A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.
 There saw I how the secret felon wrought,
 And Treason labouring in the traitor's thought:
 And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder brought.
 There the red Anger dar'd the pallid Fear;
 Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer,
 Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,

But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
Th'assassinating wife, the household-fiend.
And, far the blackest there, the traitor-friend.
On t'other side there stood Destruction bare,
Unpunished Rapine, and a waste of war.
Contest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters drawn,
And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,
And bawling Infamy, in language base,
Till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled the place.
The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half clos'd, and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his sudden soul away.
In midst of all the dome, Misfortune sate,
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate,
And Madness laughing in his ireful mood;
And arm'd Complaint, on Theft, and cries of blood;
There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,
And violent Death in thousand shapes display'd;
The city to the soldier's rage resign'd;
Successless wars, and Poverty behind;
Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,
And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:
The new-born babe by nurses overlaid;
And the cook caught within the raging fire he made.
All ills of Mars's nature, flame and steel;
The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel
Of his own car; the ruin'd house, that falls
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls:
The whole division, that to Mars pertains,
All trades of death, that deal in steel for gains,
Were there: the butcher, armourer, and smith,
Who forges sharpen'd faulchions, or the scythe.
The scarlet Conquest on a tower was plac'd,
With shouts, and soldiers' acclamations grac'd:
A pointed sword hung threatening o'er his head,
Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.
There saw I Mars' ides, the Capitol,
The seerin vain fortelling Cæsar's fall;

The last triumvirs and the wars they move ,
 And Antony, who lost the world for love. —
 The form of Mars high on a chariot stood ,
 All sheath'd in arms , and gruffly look'd the god :
 Two geomantic figures were display'd
 Above his head , a warrior and a maid ;
 One when direct , and one when retrograde.

DRYDEN.

PALACE OF FAME

Full in the midst of this created space ,
 Betwixt heaven , earth and seas , there stands a place ,
 Confining on all three , with triple bound ;
 Whence all things , tho' remote , are view'd around ,
 And thither bring the undulating sound :
 The palace of loud Fame ; her seat of power.
 Placed on the summit of a lofty tower.
 A thousand crannies in the walls were made ,
 Nor gates , nor bars exclude the busy trade.
 'Tis built of brass , the better to diffuse
 The spreading sounds , and multiply the news :
 Where echoes in repeated echoes play :
 A mart for ever full , and open night and day.
 Nor silence is within , nor voice express ,
 But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease ,
 Confused and chiding , like the hollow roar
 Of tides receding from th'insulted shore :
 Or like the broken thunder heard from far ,
 When Jove to distance drives the rolling war ,
 The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
 Of crowds , or issuing forth , or entering in :
 A thoroughfare of news ; where some devise
 Things never heard , some mingle truth with lies
 The troubled air with empty sounds they beat
 Intent to hear , and eager to repeat.
 Error sits brooding there with added train
 Of vain Credulity , and joys as vain :
 Suspicion , with sedition join'd , are near ;

And rumours raised, and murmurs mix'd, and panic
 Fame sits aloft, and sees the subject ground, [Fear;
 And seas about, and skies above, inquiring all around.

DRYDEN.

A STORM.

Now bursts the wave that from the clouds impends,
 And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
 White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
 Howl o'er the mast, and sing through every shroud;
 Pale, trembling, tired, the sailors freeze with fears,
 And instant death on ev'ry wave appears. DRYDEN.

FIGHTING AT SEA.

As the elm, which of its arms the axe bereaves,
 New strength and vigour from its wounds receives:
 Their rage by loss of blood is kindled more,
 And with their guns, like hurricanes, they roar.
 Like hurricanes, the knotted oaks they tear,
 Scourge the vex'd ocean, and torment the air.
 Whilst earth, air, sea, in wild confusion hurl'd,
 With universal wreck and chaos threats the world;
 Such would the noise be, should this mighty ball
 Crush'd and confounded, into atoms fall.
 The ships, which, in magnificent array,
 But just before did their proud flags display,
 And seem'd with warring Destiny to play;
 Now from our rage, despoil'd of rigging tow.
 Or burn, or up into the aire they blow.
 Thus a large row of oaks does long remain
 The ornament and shelter of the plain,
 With their aspiring heads they reach the sky,
 Their huge extended arms the winds defy:
 The tempest sees their strength, and sighs, and passes by
 When Jove, concern'd that they so high aspire,
 Amongst them sends his own revenging fire,
 Which does with dismal havock on them fall;
 Burns some, and tears up some, but rends them all;

From their dead trunks their mangled arms are torn,
 And from their heads their scattered glories born:
 Upon the heath they blasted stand, and bare;
 And those whom once they sheltered, now they scare.

DENNIS.

THE CHOICE.

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
 Built uniform, not little, nor to great:
 Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
 On this side fields, on that a neigh-bring wood.
 It should within no other things contain,
 But what are useful, necessary, plain:
 A little garden grateful to the eye,
 Where a cool rivulet runs murmuring by;
 On whose delicious banks a stately row
 Of shady limes or sycamores, should grow.
 At th'end of which a silent study plac'd
 Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
 Horace and Virgile, in whose mighty lines
 Immortal wit, and solid learning shines; —
 With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
 Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.
 In some of these, as fancy should advise,
 I'd always take my morning exercise:
 For sure no minutes bring us more content,
 Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,
 That I might live genteelly, but not great:
 As much as I could moderately spend,
 A little more sometimes t'oblige a friend.
 Nor should the sons of poverty repine
 Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine.
 And all that objects of true pity were,
 Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare:
 For that our Maker has too largely giv'n,
 Should be return'd in gratitude to Heav'n.
 A frugal plenty should my table spread;
 My friends with no luxurious dishes fed:
 Enough to satisfy, and something more

To feed the stranger and the neighb'ring poor.
 Strong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring food
 Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
 But what sufficient to make nature strong,
 And the bright lamp of life continue long,
 I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
 The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.
 I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
 With the best wine each vintage could afford.
 Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
 And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:
 By making all our spirits debonair,
 Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
 But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends;
 May be debauch'd and serve ignoble ends;
 So but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
 Does many mischievous effect produce:
 My house should no such rude disorders know,
 As from high drinking consequently flow;
 Nor would I use what was so kindly giv'n,
 To the dishonour of indulgent Heav'n.
 If any neighbour came, he should be free,
 Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
 In my retreat, or to himself or me.
 What freedom, prudence, and right reason give,
 All men may, with impunity, receive:
 But the least swerving from their rule's too much;
 For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life may be more comfortable yet,
 And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great;
 I'd choose two friends, whose company would be
 A great advance to my felicity:
 Well-born, of humours suited to my own,
 Discreet, and men as well as books have known:
 Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
 From loose behaviour, or formality:
 Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right:
 Secret they should be; faithful to their trust;
 In reas'ning cool, strong, temperate, and just:

Obliging, open, without huffing, brave,
 Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave:
 Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
 By solid reason, and let that decide:
 Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;
 Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state:
 Stranger to slander, and sworn foes to spite;
 Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight:
 Loyal, and pious; friends to Cæsar, true
 As dying martyrs to their Maker too.

In their society I could not miss
 A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
 Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.

Whate'er assistance I had pow'r to bring,
 T'oblige my country, or to serve my king,
 Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford

My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.

Law-suits I'd shun with as much studious care

As I would dens where hungry lions are;

And rather put up injuries, than be

A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.

I value quiet at a price too great,

To give for my revenge so dear a rate:

For what do we by all our bustle gain,

But counterfeit delight for real pain!

If Heav'n a date of many years would give,

Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.

And as I near approach'd the verge of life,

Some kind relation (if I had no wife)

Should take upon him all my worldly care,

Whilst I did for a better state prepare.

Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,

Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;

But, by a silent and a peaceful death,

Without a sigh, resign my aged breath,

And when committed to the dust, I'd have

Few tears, but friendly, drop into my grave;

Then would my exit so propitious be,

All men would wish to live and die like me.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,
 In silken or in leathern purse, retains
 A splendid shilling! he nor hears with pain
 New oysters cry'd nor sighs for cheerful ale;
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
 To Junyper's Magpye, or Tower-hall repairs;—

But I, whom griping penury surrounds
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals and small acid tiff,
 Wretched repast! my meagre corps sustain,
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home,
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
 As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet
 Exhale Mundungus' ill perfuming scent.

No blacker tube, nor of a shorter size
 Smokes Cambro-Briton, vers'd in pedigree,
 Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings,
 Full famous in romantic tale, when he
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his wares, or at the Arvonian mart,
 Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
 Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
 Whence flows nectareous wines, that well may vie
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure and silent pace, a dun,
 Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
 To my aerial citadel ascends,
 With vocal peal thrice thund'ring at my gate,
 With hideous accents thrice he calls, I know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.

What should I do? or whither turn? amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly

Of wood-hole ; straight my bristling hairs erect
Thro' sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews
My shudd'ring limbs ; and wonderful to tell !
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech.

So horrible he seems ! his faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard ;
And spreading band , admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode ; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd ,
Grievous to mortal eyes : ye gods , avert
Such plagues from righteous men ! Behind him stalks
Another monster , not unlike himself ,
Sullen of aspect , by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpoll , whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible , and magic charms ,
First have indued ; if he his ample palm
Should , haply , on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor , straight his body to the touch
Obsequious , as whilom knights were wont ,
To some enchanted castle is convey'd
Where gates impregnable and coercive chains
In durance strict detain him , till , in form
Of money , Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware , ye debtors , when he walks , beware ,
Be circumspect ; oft , with insidious ken ,
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof ; and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave ,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So poets sing ,
Grimalkin , to domestic vermin sworn
And everlasting foe , with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinkly gap ,
Protending her fell claws , to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web ,
Arachne , in a hall , or kitchen , spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies : she secret stands
Within her woven cell , the humming prey ,
Regardless of their fate , rush on the toils

Inextricable, nor will aught avail,
 Their art, or arms, or shape of lovely hue;
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
 And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold entangled in her snares,
 Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
 She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
 Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave,
 Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades.
 This world envelop, and th' inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
 With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
 Me lonely sitting, nor the glimm'ring light
 Of make weight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amid the horrors of the tedious night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
 My anxious mind, and sometimes mournful verse
 Indite, of spring or groves and myrtle shades,
 Or desp'rate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendent on a willow tree.

Meanwhile, I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless, wish and rave; my parched throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale—
 In vain! awake I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
 Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
 Nor walnut in rough'furrow'd coat secure;
 Nor medlar fruit, delicious in decay.

Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
 My galligaskins that had long withstood
 The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts;

By time subdu'd, what will not time subdue !
 A horrid chasm disclose with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous : at which the winds
 Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
 Portending agues. Thus, a well fraught ship
 Long sails secure, or through Ægean deep,
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
 On Scylla, on Charybdis, dang'rous rocks !
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea ; in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming ; horrors seize
 The mariners, death in their eyes appears,
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
 Vain efforts ! still the batt'ring waves rush in, [pray.
 Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
 The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

JOHN PHILIPS.

A VIRTUOUS YOUNG WOMAN.

How young, how good, how beautiful she fell ! —
 Oh ! she was all for which fond mothers pray,
 Blessing their babes when first they see the day.
 Beauty and she were one : for in her face
 Sat sweetness, temper'd with majestic grace.
 Such pow'rful charms, as might the proudest awe,
 Yet such attractive goodness as might draw
 The humblest, and to both give equal law ;
 How she was wonder'd at by ev'ry swain !
 The pride, the light, the goddess of the plain.
 On all she shin'd, and spreading glories cast
 Diffusive of herself ; where'er she pass'd
 There breathed an air as sweet as winds that blow
 From the bless'd shores where fragrant spices grow.

In her smooth forehead we might read express'd
 The even calmness of her gentle breast ;
 And in her sparkling eyes as clear was writ
 The active vigour of her youthful wit.
 Each beauty of the body or the face,
 Was but the shadow of some inward grace.
 Gay, sprightly, cheerful, free and unconfin'd
 As innocence could make it, was her mind.
 Oh ! she is set like the falling sun,
 Darkness is round us, and glad day is gone.

DUKE.

COUNTRY SCENES.

Now early shepherds o'er the meadows pass,
 And print long footsteps on the glitt'ring grass ;
 The cows, neglectful of their pasture, stand,
 By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.
 When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn —
 Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn —
 Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,
 A cover'd arbour closed the distant view ;
 There rests the youth, and while the feather'd throng
 Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song :

Here, wafted o'er by mild Elysian air,
 Thou country goddess, beauteous Health ! repair ;
 Here let my breast, through quivering trees, inhale
 Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.
 What are the fields, or flowers, or all I see ?
 Ah ! tasteless all if not enjoy'd with thee.
 Joy to my soul ! I feel the goddess nigh,
 The face of nature cheers as well as I.
 O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
 The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun ;
 The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
 The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves ;
 The chirping birds from all the compass rove,
 To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove :
 High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,

Thick mossy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,
With various prospects gratify the sight,
And scatter fixt attention on delight.

PARNELL.

ALL THE OBJECTS WE SEE IN NATURE DEMAND OUR GRATITUDE.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Thus I would my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy:
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and pray'r;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blest with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear and court my song;
Would lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great source of nature, sing.
The sun, that walks his airy way;
To light the world and give the day;
The moon, that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars, that gild the gloomy night;
The seas, that roll unnumber'd waves,
The wood, that spreads its shady leaves;
The field, whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain:
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me
They speak their maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

PARNELL.

THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew;

The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell;
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So, when a smooth expanse receives impress'd
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if book or swains report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the rising sun a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching: Father, hail! he cried;
And hail, my son, the rev'rend sire replied;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleas'd and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart,
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elmaround

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
Came onward , mantled o'er with sober grey ;
Nature in silence bid the world repose ,
When near the road a stately palace rose :
There , by the moon , thro' ranks of trees they pass ,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :
Yet still the kindness , from a thirst of praise ,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive ; the liv'ry servantes wait :
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food ,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest , the day's long toil they drown ,
Deep sunk in sleep , and silk , and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn , and at the dawn of day ,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play :
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep ,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests , obedient to the call :
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd ,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then , pleas'd and thankful , from the porch they go ,
And , but the landlord , none had cause of woe ;
His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way ,
Glist'ning and basking in the summerray ,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near ,
Then walks with faintness on , and looks with fear ;
So seem'd the sire , when , far upon the road ,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence , walk'd with trembling heart ,
And much he wish'd , but durst not ask , to part :
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes , and thinks it hard ,
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass , the sun his glory shrouds ,
The changing skies bang out their sable clouds ;

A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.

'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe;
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning, mix'd with show'rs, began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.

Here long they knock, but knock, or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.

At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest):

Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,

And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;

One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,

And nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls:

Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine

(Each hardly granted), serv'd them both to dine;

And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,

A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring hermit view'd,

In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;

And why should such, within himself he cried,

Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?

But what new marks of wonder soon took place

In ev'ry settling feature of his face,

When from his vest the young companion bore

That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,

And paid profusely with the precious bowl

The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;

The sun, emerging, opes an azure sky;

A fresher green the smelling leaves display,

And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:

The weather courts them from the poor retreat,

And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk , the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought ;
His partner's acts without their cause appear ;
'Twas there a vice , and seem'd a madness here :
Detesting that , and pitying this , he goes ,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky ;
Again the wand'ers want a place to lie ;
Again they search , and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around , the mansion neat ,
And neither poorly low , nor idly great :
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind ,
Content ; and not for praise , but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet ,
Then bless the mansion , and the master greet :
Their greeting fair , bestow'd with modest guise ,
The courteous master hears , and thus replies :

« Without a vain , without a grudging heart ,
To him who gives us all I yield a part ;
From him you come , for him accept it here ,
A frank and sober , more than costly cheer. »
He spoke , and bid the welcome table spread ,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed ;
When the grave household round his hall repair ,
Warn'd by a bell , and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world , renew'd by calm repose
Was strong for toil ; the dappl'd morn arose :
Before the pilgrims part , the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept ,
And writh'd his neck : the landlord's little pride ,
O strange return ! grew black , and gasp'd , and died :
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son ?
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done !
Not hell , tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part ,
And breathe blue fire , could more assault his heart.

Confus'd , and struck with silence at the deed ,
He flies , but , trembling , fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues : the country lay
Perplex'd with roads , a servant show'd the way :
A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;

Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending branches glide.
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries:
 « Detested wretch » — But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man.
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
 Celestial odour breathe thro' purpled air;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd and wist not what to do;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his setting temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke;
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke:

« Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
 These charms success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind:
 For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky;
 Nay, cease to kneel, — thy fellow servant I.

« Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine:

« The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 In this the right of Providence is laid;
 Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
 On using second means to work his ends:
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The pow'r exerts his attributes on high;
 Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still,

« What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

« The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

« The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wandring worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

« Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go;
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow).
The poor fond parent, humbl'd in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

« But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more. »

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wond'ring as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;

The fiery pomp ascending left the view,
The prophet gaz'd and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun:
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then, gladly turning; sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace. PARNELL.

TO A FLOWER.

Child of the spring! fair opening flower!

I love thine early bloom;
To snatch thee from yon shelt'ring bower
Let no rude hand presume.

Yet, yet protected from the blast,
Thy leaves in beauty blow;
Ah! soon thy halcyon days are past,
Stern winter lays thee low.

But when revolves the varying year,
And sleeps the wasting storm,
Returning life again shall cheer
Thy renovated form.

When nature's rougher skies are fled,
Then clothed in loveliest hue,
Again thou'lt lift thy gentle head,
And drink the vernal dew. ANTHOLOGY.

GLO'STER AND HASTINGS.

Glo. Beshrew my heart! but you have well divin'd
The source of these disorders- Who can wonder
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow!
Plainly to speak — hence comes the gen'ral cry;
And sum of all complaint: 'Twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern.

Hast. 'Tis true the king is young; but what of that?
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Glo'ster's valour and most princely wisdom
So well supply our infant sovereign's place,

Glo. What if some patriot, for the public good,
Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the state?

Hast. Curse on the innovating hand attempts it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor,
And his pernicious counsels, who for wealth,
For power, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!

Glo. You go too far, my lord.

Hast. Your highness' pardon —
Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles?
When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons,
And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers by,
Our groaning country bled at every vein;
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction; peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles; low were laid
The reverend crosier and the holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land?
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheathe a dagger in his heart
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those horrors,
And set once more that scene of blood before us?

Glo. Enough of this; to deal in wordy compliment
Is much against the plainness of my nature:
Farewell, and be my friend.

Hast. I am not read,
Nor skill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
The duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
E'en on the tend'rest point, the master-string
That makes most harmony or discord to me.
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd.
Beyond or lov's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land:

His youth's support, and guardian to his throne. —
 On this foundation would I build my fame,
 And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
 Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
 And die with pleasure for my country's good.

ROWE, *Jane Shore.*

POMPEY COMPARED TO AN AGED DECAYING OAK.

With gifts and liberal bounty (he) sought for fame,
 And lov'd to hear the vulgar shout his name;
 In his own theatre rejoic'd to sit,
 Amidst the noisy praises of the pit.
 Careless of future ills that might betide,
 No aid he sought to prop his falling side,
 But on his former fortune much rely'd.
 Still seem'd he to possess, and fill his place;
 But stood the shadow of what once he was.
 So, in the field with Ceres' bounty spread,
 Up rears some ancient oak his rev'rend head:
 Chaplets, and sacred gifts his boughs adorn,
 And spoils of war by mighty heroes worn;
 But the first vigour of his root now gone,
 He stands dependent on his weight alone;
 All bare his naked branches are display'd;
 And with his leafless trunk he forms a shade.
 Yet though the winds his ruin daily threat,
 As every blast would heave him from his seat;
 Though thousand fairer trees the field supplies,
 That rich in youthful verdure round him rise,
 Fix'd in his ancient seat, he yields to none,
 And wears the honours of the grove alone.
 But Cæsar's greatness, and his strength was more
 Than past renown and antiquated power;
 'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,
 Or tales in old records or annals seen;
 But 'twas a valour, restless, unconfin'd,
 Which no success could sate, nor limits bind;

'Twas shame, a soldier's shame, untaught to yield,
That blush'd for nothing but an ill-fought field.

ROWE, *Lucan's Pharsalia*.

HYMN ON GRATITUDE.

When all thy mercies, O my God !

My rising soul surveys ;

Transported with the view, I'm lost

In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth

The gratitude declare

That glows within my ravish'd heart !

But thou can'st read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd ,

And all my wants redress'd ,

When in the silent womb I lay ,

And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries

Thy mercy lent an ear ,

Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt

To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul

Thy tender care bestow'd ,

Before my infant heart conceiv'd

From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth

With heedless steps I ran :

Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe ,

And led me up to man.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,

It gently clear'd my way ,

And thro' the pleasing snares of vice ,

More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou

With health renew'd my face ,

And when in sin and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with wordly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When Nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

HYMN ON PROVIDENCE.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread ,
 With gloomy horrors overspread ,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ,
 For thou , O Lord ! art with me still :
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid ,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way ,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray ,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
 The barren wilderness shall smile ,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd ,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

HYMN ON OMNIPOTENCE.

VIEW OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame
 Their great Original proclaim :
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's pow'r display ,
 And publishes to ev'ry land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail ,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale ,
 And nightly , to the list'ning earth ,
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn ,
 And all the planets in their turn ,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll ,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark terrestrial hall !
 What tho' no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found !
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice ,

And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,
 « The hand that made us is Divine, »

ADDISON

CATO MEETING THE CORPSE OF HIS SON.

Cato. Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,

Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
 The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
 — How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
 Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
 That we can die but once to serve our country!
 — Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends
 I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
 Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.
 — Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
 Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

ADDISON, *Cato.*

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so — Plato, thou reas'nest well —
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
 Of falling into naught? why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man:
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass?
 The wide, th'unbounded prospect lies before me,
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above
 (And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in, must be happy.
 But when? or where? — this world was made for Cæsar,
 I'm weary of conjectures — this must end'em.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd : my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to an end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
 What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
 This lethargy that creeps thro' all my senses?
 Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
 Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
 That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
 Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
 An off'ring fit for heav'n. Let guilt or fear
 Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of'em,
 Indiff'rent in his choice to sleep or die;

ADDISON, *Cato.*

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

Delightful mansion! bless'd retreat!
 Where all is silent, all is sweet!
 Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
 The raptur'd muse more tuneful sings;
 While May leads on the cheerful hours,
 And opens a new world of flow'rs;
 Gay Pleasure here all dresses wears,
 And in a thousand shapes appears.

Pursu'd by Fancy, how she roves
Through airy walks, and museful groves;
Springs in each plant and blossom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and see!
In this elysium while I stray,
And Nature's fairest face survey,
Earth seems new-born, and life more bright;
Time steals away and smoothes his flight;
And thought's bewilder'd in delight.
Where are the crowds I saw of late?
What are those tales of Europe's fate:
Of Anjou, and the Spanish crown,
And leagues to pull usurpers down;
Of marching armies, distant wars;
Of factions, and domestic jars?
Sure these are last night's dreams, no more;
Or some romance; read lately o'er;
Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
And pow'rs confed'rate to destroy
Priam's proud house, the Dardan name,
With him that stole the beauteous dame,
And, to possess another's right,
Durst the whole world to arms excite.
Come, gentle Sleep, my eyelids close,
These dull impressions help me lose:
Let Fancy take her wing, and find
Some better dream to soothe my mind;
Or waking, let me learn to live:
The prospect will instruction give.
For see, where beauteous Thames does glide
Serene, but with a fruitful tide:
Free from extremes of ebb and flow,
Not swell'd too high nor sunk too low.
Such let my life's smooth current be,
Till, from Time's narrow shore set free,
It mingles with th' eternal sea;
And, there enlarg'd, shall be no more
That trifling thing it was before.

FROM AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well;
No writing lifts exalted man so high
As sacred and soul-moving Poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch;
And, if well-finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name!
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done;
True wit is everlasting, like the sun. —
First then of Songs which now so much abound:
Without his song no fop is to be found;
A most offensive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws:
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art:
So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall. —

Next, Elegy, of sweet but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave exacts the choice;
The praise of beauty, valour, wit, contains;
And there too oft despairing love complains. —
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is no defect in words, or want of wit:
But should this Muse harmonious numbers yield,
And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd;
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought; and the whole model laid

So right, that ev'ry line may higher rise,
 Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies
 Such trifles may perhaps of late have pass'd,
 And may be lik'd awhile, but never last:
 'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
 But not an Elegy, nor writ with skill,
 No Panegyric, nor a Cooper's Hill.
 A higher flight, and of a happier force,
 Are Odes; the Muses' most unruly horse,
 That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,
 He foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.
 The poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
 With fury too as well as fancy fir'd.
 Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
 Had he with nature join'd the rules of art. —
 Of all the ways that wisest men could find
 To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
 Satire well writ has most successful prov'd,
 And cures, because the remedy is lov'd:
 'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
 Without repeating things said oft before:
 Some vulgar errors only we'll remove
 That stain a beauty which we so much love.
 Of chosen words some take not care enough,
 And think they should be as the subject rough;
 This poem must be more exactly made,
 And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.
 Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
 As if their only business was to rail;
 But human frailty nicely to unfold,
 Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
 Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down:
 A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown:
 So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
 Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
 The Laureat here may justly claim our praise,
 Crown'd by Mac Fleknoe with immortal bays.
 On, then my Muse: advent'rously engage
 To give instructions that concern the Stage.
 The unities of action, time, and place,

Which if observ'd, give plays so great a grace,
 Are though but little practis'd, too well known
 To be taught here, where we pretend alone
 From nicer faults to purge the present age,
 Less obvious errors of the English stage.

First, then, Soliloquies had need be few,
 Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.

* * * * *
 All this united yet but makes a part
 Of Dialogue, that great and pow'rful art,
 Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
 From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
 Scarce comprehended since but by a few.
 Plato and Lucian are the best remains
 Of all the wonders which this art contains;
 Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
 Shakspeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
 Consider then, and read them o'er and o'er;
 Go see them play'd, then read them as before;
 For though in many things they grossly fail,
 Over our passions still they so prevail,
 That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
 The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep. —

By painful steps at last we labour up
 Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
 The epic poets so divinely show,
 And with just pride behold the rest below.
 Heroic poems have a just pretence
 To be the utmost stretch of human sense; —
 The way is shown, but who has strength to go?
 Who can all sciences profoundly know? —
 Let such a man begin without delay;
 But he must do beyond what I can say;
 Must above Tasso's lofty flight prevail,
 And succeed where Spencer and e'en Milton fail.
 Homer and Virgil! — with what sacred awe
 Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
 Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
 And universal shouts, attend their name!
 Read Homer once, and you can read no more,

For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

BUCKINGHAM

THE FRAILTY AND FOLLY OF MAN.

Great heav'n! how frail thy creature man is made!
How by himself insensibly betray'd!
In our own strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r;
And, by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be lov'd.
On pleasure's flow'ry brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way:
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant shade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And smiling see the nearer waters roll;
Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
And swift into the boundless ocean borne,
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn:
Round our devoted heads the billows beat;
And from our troubl'd view the lessen'd lands retreat.

PRIOR.

MERRY ANDREW.

Sly Merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair
(At Barthol'mew he did not much appear,
So peevish was the edict of the Mayor);
At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he show'd.
To please our masters, and his friends, the crowd,
A huge neat's-tongue he in his right hand held,
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,

The clownish mimic traverses the stage.
 «Why, how now, Andrew!» cries his brother droll;
 «To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull:
 «Come on, sir, to our worthy friends explain,
 «What does your emblematic worship mean?»
 Quoth Andrew, «Honest English let us speak:
 Your emblem (what d'ye call't) is heathen Greek.
 To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence:
 Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
 That busy fool I was, which thou art now;
 Desirous to correct, not knowing how;
 With very good design, but little wit,
 Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.
 I for this conduct had what I deserved;
 And, dealing honestly, was almost starved.
 But, thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat,
 Since I have found the secret to be great. —
 O, dearest Andrew! says the humble droll,
 Henceforth may I obey, and thou control,
 Provided thou impart thy useful skill —
 Bow then, says Andrew; and for once I will. —
 Be of your patron's mind whate'er he says;
 Sleep very much; think little; and talk less;
 Mind neither good nor bad, nor right, nor wrong;
 But eat your pudding, slave, and hold your tongue!
 A reverend prelate stopt his coach and six
 To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
 But, when he heard him give this golden rule,
 «Drive on,» he cried, «this fellow is no fool.»

PRIOR.

THE THIEF AND CORDELIER.

Who has e'er been at Paris must need know the *Greve*;
 The fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave;
 Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
 To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet. —
 'Twas there then, in civil respect to hard laws,

And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late was obliged to appear;
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier!

The squire whose grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin;
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

What frightens you thus, my good son? says the priest;
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd.
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.

— What will folks say if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend! to-day is your period of sorrow:
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.

To-morrow? our hero replied in a fright;
He that's hang'd before noon ought to think of to-night.
Tell your beads, says the priest, and be fairly truss'd up:
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.

Alas! quoth the squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat:
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place

That I would, quoth the father, and thanks you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit:
The feast I propos'd to you I cannot taste;
For this night, by our order, is marked for a fast.

PRIOR.

A FLEET UNDER SAIL.

The wanton zephyrs with the pendants play,
Which loose in air their waving pride display.
The streamers gay, defiance spread on high,
At once adorn and terrify the sky:
Th'unwieldy ships were on the billows toss'd,

And all the blasts the wind could blow, engross'd.
 The longest breath'd, and the most vig'rous gales
 Are all employ'd to swell the spacious sails :
 The lofty firs which pregnant canvass wear,
 Bear, thro'the bringy floods, the floating war ;
 Oaks, which by land did fiercest winds disdain,
 Become obedient to them on the main.
 The lab'ring gales with pain the navy shove,
 And o'er the billows heave the bounding grove.
 Stript of their boughs, the naked pines advance,
 And to the music of the trumpet dance :
 They pass in long procession o'er the deep,
 And with their flags contignous ether sweep.
 Their gilded sides and sterns improve the day,
 And with augmented glory heaven repay.
 His rays recoil'd so bright, th'astonish'd sun
 Started, unmindful that they were his own.

BLACKMORE,

HORSE--RACE.

The signal giv'n by the shrill trumpet's sound,
 The coursers start, and scour along the ground ;
 So Boreas, starting from his northern goal,
 Sweeps o'er the mountains to the adverse pole :
 His furious wings the flying clouds remove
 From the blue plains and spacious worlds above :
 Insulting o'er the seas he loudly roars,
 And shoves the tumbling billows to the shores,
 While for the palm the straining steeds contend,
 Beneath their hoofs the grass doth scarcely bend ;
 So long and smooth their strokes, so swift they pass,
 That the spectators of the noble race
 Can scarce distinguish by their doubtful eye,
 If on the ground they run, or in the air they fly.
 So when the earth smiles with a summer's ray,
 And wanton swallows o'er the valleys play,
 In sport each other they so swiftly chase,
 Sweeping with easy wings the meadow's face ;

They seem upon the ground to fly a race.
 O'er hills and dales the speedy coursers fly,
 And with thick clouds of dust obscure the sky.
 With clashing whips the furious riders tear
 Their coursers' sides, and wound th'afflicted air.
 On their thick mane the stooping riders lie,
 Press forward, and would fain their steeds outfly.
 By turns they are behind, by turns before:
 Their flanks and steed all bathed in sweat and gore.
 Such speed the steeds, such zeal the riders shew,
 To reach bright fame that swift before them flew.
 Upon the last, with spurning heels, the first
 Cast storms of sand, and smoth'ring clouds of dust:
 The hindmost strain their nerves, and snort and blow,
 And their white foam upon the foremost throw:
 Eager of fame, and of the promised prize,
 The riders seize the mark with greedy eyes.
 Now hope dilates, now fear contracts the breast,
 Alternately with joy and grief possess'd:
 Thus far with equal fate the riders pass,
 Uncertain who should conquer in the race.
 But now the goal appearing, does excite
 New warmth, and calls, out all their youthful might.
 They lash their courser's flanks, with crimson dyed,
 And stick their goring spurs into their side.
 Their native courage, and the rider's stroke.
 T'exert their force the gen'rous kind provoke.

BLACKMORE.

S N O W.

A Shower of soft and fleecy rain
 Falls to new-clothe the earth again:
 Behold the mountain tops around,
 As if with fur of ermine crown'd;
 And lo! how, by degrees,
 The universal mantle hides the trees,
 In hoary flakes, which downward fly
 As if it were the Autumn of the sky
 Whose fall of leaf would their supply.

Trembling the groves sustain the weight, bow
 Like aged limbs, which feebly go
 Beneath a venerable head of snow.

CONGREVE.

ALMERIA AND LEONORA IN AN ANCIENT CATHEDRAL.

Almeria. It was a fancy'd noise for all is hush'd.

Leonora. It bore the accent of a human voice.

Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind.
 Whistling thro' hollows of this vaulted isle.

We'll listen —

Leo. Hark!

Alm. No all is hush'd, and still as death — 'tis drea-
 How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile [dful!
 Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
 To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
 By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable?
 Looking tranquillity, it strikes an awe
 And terror to my aching sight! The tombs
 And monumental caves of death look cold,
 And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
 Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
 Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
 Thy voice — my own affrights me with its echoes,

CONGREVE, *The Mourning Bride.*

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

O Harmony! to thee we sing,
 To thee the grateful tribute bring
 Of sacred verse, and sweet resounding lays;
 Thy aid invoking while thy power we praise.
 All hail to thee,
 All-powerful Harmony!
 Wise Nature owns thy undisputed sway,
 Her wondrous works resigning to thy care:
 The planetary orbs thy rule obey,

And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

Thy voice, o Harmony! with awful sound
Could penetrate th'abyss profound,
Explore the realms of ancient night,
And search the living source of unborn light.
Confusion heard thy voice and fled,
And chaos deeper plunged his vanquish'd head.
Then didst thou, Harmony, give birth
To this fair form of heaven and earth;
Then all those shining worlds above
In mystic dance began to move
Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
A never-ceasing, never-silent choir.

Thou only, Goddess, first couldst tell
The mighty charms in members found
And didst to heavenly minds reveal
The secret force of tuneful sound.
When first Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
Thou didst the god inspire;
When first the vocal shell he strung,
To which the Muses sung:
Then first melodious strains Apollo play'd
And music first began by the auspicious aid.
Hark: Hark! again Urania sings,
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the list'ning deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

Descend, Urania heavenly fair,
To the relief of this afflicted world repair:
See how, with various woes oppress'd,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Consumed with cares, with debts distress'd,
Or by conflicting passions torn.
Reason in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on Fancy waits,
While Reason still, by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances, or too soon retreats:

Music alone with sudden charm can bind
The wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind.

Begin the powerful song, ye sacred Nine,
Your instruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace! and sweet desire,
In ev'ry breast inspire
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.

Appease the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge, and death inclined:
With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,
And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.

'Tis done, and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.

The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

Ah! sweet repose, too soon expiring!

Ah! foolish man, new toils requiring!

Cursed ambition, strife pursuing,

Wakes the world to war and ruin;

See, see, the battle is prepared;

Behold, the hero comes!

Loud trumpets with shrill fifes are heard;

And hoarse resounding drums.

War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The Harmony of peace destroys.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes,
Her parting lover mourn;

She weeps she sighs, despairs and dies,
And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights;
Bewailing past delights

That may no more, no, never more return!

Oh! soothe her cares

With softest sweetest airs,

Till victory and peace restore

Her faithful lover to her tender breast,

Within her folding arms to rest,

Thence never to be parted more,

No, never to be parted more.

Enough, Urania, heavenly fair;
 Now to thy native skies repair,
 And rule again the starry sphere,
 Cecilia comes with holy rapture fill'd;
 To ease the world of care,
 Cecilia; more than all the Muses skill'd!
 Phœbus himself to her must yield,
 And at her feet lay down
 His golden harp and laurel crown.
 The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
 In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
 In peal the swelling notes ascend the skies;
 Perpetual breath the swelling note supplies,
 And lasting as her name,
 Who form'd the tuneful frame
 Th'immortal music never dies.

CONGREVE.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

A FABLE.

A wolf, with hunger fierce and bold,
 Ravaged the plains and thinn'd the fold;
 Deep in the wood secure he lay,
 The thefts of night regaled the day.
 In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
 Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare;
 In vain the dog pursued his pace,
 The fleeter robber mock'd the chase.
 As Lightfoot ranged the forest round,
 By chance his foe's retreat he found.
 « Let us awhile the war suspend,
 And reason, as from friend to friend. »
 « A truce? » replies the wolf. « 'Tis done. »
 The dog the parley thus begun:
 « How can that strong intrepid mind
 Attack a weak defenceless kind?
 Those jaws should prey on nobler food,

And drink the boar's and lion's blood.
 Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,
 Which coward tyrants never felt;
 How harmless is our fleecy care!
 Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.»
 « Friend, » says the wolf, « the matter weigh:
 Nature design'd us beasts of prey;
 As such, when hunger finds a treat,
 'Tis necessary wolves should eat.
 A wolf eats sheep but now and then —
 Ten thousand are devour'd by men. »

GAY.

THE MONKEY WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

A Monkey, to reform the times,
 Resolv'd to visit foreign climes:
 For men in distant regions roam
 To bring politer manners home
 So forth he fares, all toil defies:
 Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid;
 Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
 There sold. How envied was his doom,
 Made captive in a lady's room!
 Proud with applause, he thought his mind
 In ev'ry courtly art refined;
 Like Orpheus burnt with public zeal,
 To civilize the monkey weal:
 So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
 And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
 Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
 Some praise his sleeve; and others gloat
 Upon his rich embroider'd coat;
 His dapper periwig commending,
 With the black tail behind depending;
 His powder'd back, above, below,
 Like hoary frost, or fleecy snow;

But all with envy and desire
 His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire,
 Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
 I come to make a nation wise.
 Weigh your own worth, support your place,
 The next in rank to human race.
 In cities long I pass'd my days,
 Convers'd with men and learn'd their ways.
 Their dress, their courtly manners see;
 Reform your state, and copy me.
 Seek ye to thrive? in flatt'ry deal;
 Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
 Seem only to regard your friends;
 But use them for your private ends.
 Stint not to trut the flow of wit;
 Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
 Bend all your force to spatter merit;
 Scandal is conversation's spirit.
 Boldly to ev'ry thing attend,
 And men your talents shall commend.
 I know the great. Observe me right;
 So shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
 The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.
 Now, warm with malice, envy spite,
 Their most obliging friends they bite;
 And, fond to copy human ways,
 Practise new mischief all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
 With travel finishes the fool;
 O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
 For vice is fitted to his parts.

GAY.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

A hare, who in a civil way
 Complied with ev'ry thing; like GAY,
 Was known by all the bestial train
 Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.

Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew besprinkl'd lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies;
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath:
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appear'd in view!
Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend;
You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship ev'ry burden's light.
The horse replied, Poor honest puss!
It grieves my heart to see the thus;
Be comforted; relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.
She next the stately bull implor'd,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the goat is just behind.
The goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.
The sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd:
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares,
She now the trotting calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

Shall I , says he , of tender age
 In this important care engage ?
 Older and abler pass'd you by :
 How strong are those , how weak am I !
 Should I presume to bear you hence ,
 Those friends of mine may take offence.
 Excuse me then. You know my heart ,
 But dearest friends , alas ! must part.
 How shall we all lament ! adieu !
 For , see , the hounds are just in view.

GAY.

THE RURAL MAID.

What happiness the rural maid attends ,
 In cheerful labour while each day she spends !
 She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent ,
 And , rich in poverty , enjoys content.
 (Such happiness , and such unblemish'd fame ,
 Neer glad the bosom of the courtly dame) :
 She never feels the spleen's imagined pains ,
 Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins ;
 She never loses life in thoughtless ease ,
 Nor on the velvet couch invites disease ;
 Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies ;
 And for no glaring equipage she sighs :
 Her reputation , which is all her boast ,
 In a malicious visit ne'er was lost :
 No midnight masquerade her beauty wears ,
 And health , not paint , the fading bloom repairs :
 If love's soft passion in her bosom reign ,
 An equal passion warms her happy swain.
 No home-bred jars her quiet state controul ,
 Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul :
 With secret joy she sees her little race
 Hang on her breast , and her small cottage grace ;
 The Fleecy ball their little fingers cull ,
 Or from the spindle draw the lengthen'd wool ;

Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind. GAY.

FORTITUDE.

The gen'rous mind is by its suff'rings known,
Which no affliction tramples down;
But when oppress'd will upward move,
Spurn its own clog of cares, and soar above.
Though ills assault thy breast on ev'ry side,
Yet bravely stem th'impetuons tide;
No tributary tears to fortune pay,
Nor add to any loss a nobler day;
But with kind hopes support thy mind,
And think thy better lot behind:
Amidst afflictions let thy soul be great,
And show thou dar'st deserve a better fate. YALDEN.

THE WISH.

May Heaven (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend;
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state!
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land!
A pond before; full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet:
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
With sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half cirque, which vision boun

Like amphitheatre surrounds :
And woods impervious to the breeze ,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees ,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far , repel the day.
Here stillness height , and solemn shade
Invite , and contemplation aid ;
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of Fate ,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire , and docile fancy teach ;
While soft as breezy breath of wind ,
Impulses rustle through the mind :
Here dryads , scorning Phœbus' ray ,
While Pan melodious pipes away ,
In measur'd motions frisk about ,
'Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover , pea , and bean ,
Vie in variety of green ;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep ,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep ,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear ,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair ,
And silver streams through meadows stray ,
And naiads on the margin play ;
And lesser nymphs on side of hills.
From play-thing urns ; pour down their rills.
Thus shelter'd , free from care and strife ,
May I enjoy a calm thro' life ;
See faction , safe in low degree ,
As men at land see storms at sea ,
And laugh at miserable elves ,
Nor kind , so much as to themselves ,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy ,
As can possess , but not enjoy ;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By av'rice , sphincter of the heart ,
Who wealth , hard earn'd by guilty cares ,
Bequeathes untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May it with look ungloom'd by guile ,

And wearing Virtue's liv'ry smile,
 Prone the distressed to relieve,
 And little trespasses forgive,
 With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
 And skill to make a busy hour,
 With trips to town, life to amuse,
 To purchase books, and hear the news.
 To see old friends, brush off the clown;
 And quicken taste at coming down.
 Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
 And slowly mellowing into age,
 When Fate extends its gath'ring gripe,
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe;
 Quit a worn being without pain,
 In hope to blossom soon again. GREEN.

LUCY AND COLIN.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace;
 Nor e'er did Eiffy's limpid stream
 Reflect so fair a Pace;
 Till luckless love, and pining care,
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue.
 O have you seen a lily pale
 When beating rains descend?
 So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
 Her life now near its end.
 By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
 Take heed, ye easy Fair;
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye perjur'd swains, beware.
 Three times, all in the dead of night,
 A bell was heard to ring,
 And, shrieking at her window thrice
 A raven flapp'd his wing

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew,
 The solemn boding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespoke
 The virgins weeping round:

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 Which says, I must not stay:
 Is see a hand you cannot see,
 Which beckons me away.

By a false heart and broken vows,
 In éarly youth I die:
 Am I to blame because his bride
 Is thrice as rich as I?

Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,
 Vows due to me alone;
 Nor thou, fond maid receive his kiss,
 Nor think him all thy own,
 To-morrow in the church to wed,
 Impatient both prepare;
 But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
 That Lucy will be there.

There bear my corse, ye comrades, bear
 The bridegroom blithe to meet;
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 I in my winding-sheet. —
 She spoke, she died! her corse was borne,
 The bridegroom blithe to meet.
 He in his wedding-trim so gay.
 She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
 How were those nuptials kept?
 The bridemen flock'd round Lucy, dead,
 And all the village wept.
 Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell;
 The damps of death bedew'd his brows,
 He shook, he groaned, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!
 The varying crimson fled;

When, stretched before her rival's corse,
 She saw her husband dead.
 He, to his Lucy's new-made grave
 Convey'd by trembling swains,
 One mould with her, beneath one sod;
 For ever now remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind,
 And plighted maid are seen;
 With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
 They deck the sacred green.
 But, swain forsworn! whoe'er thou art
 This hallow'd spot forbear;
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him there.

TICKELL.

AD AMICOS.

Yes, happy youths, on Camus' sedgy side,
 You feel each joy that friendship can divide:
 Each realm of science and of art explore,
 And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
 Studios alone to learn whate'er may tend
 To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;—
 From you, remote, methinks, alone I stand,
 Like some sad exile in a desert land;
 Around no friends their lenient care to join
 In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
 Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
 For ever blot the sunshine of my days;
 To sickness still, and still to grief a prey
 Health turns from me her rosy face away.

Just Heav'n! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
 Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
 Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
 Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife
 Did e'er this tongue the sland'rer's tale proclaim,
 Or madly violate my Maker's name?

Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
 Or know a thought but all the world might know?
 As yet, just started from the lists of time,
 My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
 Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
 No pleasures tasted and few duties done.
 Ah who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
 Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
 Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
 Tear the crude cluster from the morning spray?
 Stern power of Fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
 The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
 Forbear, not rashly smite my youthful heart,
 A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
 Ah, stay till age shall blast my with'ring face,
 Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
 Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
 And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

R. WEST.

HUNTING THE HARE.

Hark! from yon covert where those tow'ring oaks
 Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
 What glorious triumphs burst in every gale
 Upon our ravish'd ears! The hunter's shout;
 The clanging horns swell their sweet winding notes;
 The pack wide-op'ning load the trembling air
 With various melody; from tree to tree
 The propagating cry redoubling bounds,
 And-winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
 Through all the regions near: afflictive birch
 No more the school-boy dreads; his prison broke
 Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's call;
 The weary traveller forgets his road,
 And climbs the adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
 Th' unfinish'd furrow: nor his bleating flocks
 Are now the shepherd's joy; men boys, and girls

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Desert th' unpeopled village ; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet phrensy seized.

SOMERVILLE.

EASTERN HUNTING—PIECE.

* * * * * The soldier's' shouts,
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour, and united din,
Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp
They catch the varied sounds, floating in air,
Round all the wide circumference, tigers fell
Shrink at the noise, deep in his gloomy den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony ; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
Inquisitive ; strong dogs, that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they drive
From every covert, and from every den,
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts
Re-echo through the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops ; the forest seems
One mingled blaze ; like flocks of sheep they fly
Before the flaming brand : fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears and wolves ; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirsty foes ; growling along,
They stalk indignant ; but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears
Present immediate death. Soon as the night
Wrapp'd in her sable veil forbids the chase,
They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light. —

What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Disturb those peaceful shades! where erst the bird
That glads the night had cheer'd the listening groves
With sweet complainings. Through the silent gloom
Oft they the guards assail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
Thus day by day they still the chase renew,
At night encamp, till now in straighter bounds
The circle lessens, and the beast perceive
The wall that hems them in on every side.
And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Against their fellow-brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins; grappling they tear.
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves:
Horrible discord! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So abject is a tyrant in distress!
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
Of eager hosts, through all the circling line,
And the wild howlinings of the beasts within,
Rend wide the welkin; flights of arrows, wing'd
With death, and javelins launch'd from every arm,
Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd through and through. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting Nature shrinks, and rouses all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful band
They rush implacable. They their broad shields
Quick interpose; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore,
Defiles the verdant plain. — The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his last: the bear

Grumbles in death ; nor can his spotted skin ,
 Though sleek it shine , with varied beauties gay ,
 Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
 The battle bleeds ; grim Slaughter strides along ,
 Glutting her greedy jaws , grins o'er her prey :
 Men , horses , dogs , fierce beasts of every kind ,
 A strange promiscuous carnage , drench'd in blood ,
 And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain
 Alive , with vain assault contend to break
 Th' impenetrable line. Others , whom fear
 Inspires with self-preserving wiles , beneath
 The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.
 Aghast they fly , or hide their heads dispers'd.

SOMERVILLE.

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY

OF DR. SWIFT'S GOODS.

An oaken broken elbow-chair ;
 A caudle-cup without an ear ;
 A batter'd shatter'd ash bedstead ;
 A box of deal without a lid ;
 A pair of tongs , but out of joint ;
 A back-sword poker , without point ;
 A pot that's crack'd across , around
 With an old knotted garter bound ;
 An iron lock without a key ;
 A wig , with hanging quite grown grey ;
 A curtain worn to half a stripe ;
 A pair of bellows , without pipe ;
 A dish which might good meat afford once ;
 An Ovid , and an old Concordance ;
 A bottle-bottom , wooden platter ,
 One is for meal and one for water ;
 There likewise is a copper skillet ,
 Which runs as fast out as you fill it ;
 A candlestick , snuff-dish , and save-all :
 And thus his household goods you have all.
 These to your Lordship , as a friend ,

Till you have built, I freely lend:
 They'll serve your Lordship for a shift;
 Why not, as well as Doctor Swift? **SWIFT.**

THE MORNING.

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
 Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
 Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
 Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
 The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
 The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
 The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep;
 Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.
 Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet,
 And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the street.
 The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
 Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees.
 The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
 And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

SWIFT.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre!
 In a sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain:
 Let the loud trumpet sound
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound:
 While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
 Gently steal upon the ear;
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies;

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall,
By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies:
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animating sounds:
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed.
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine War no more our Passions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.
But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main;
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies resound,
To arms! to arms! to arms!
But when through all th' infernal bounds?
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coasts !
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts.
But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;
And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire !
See, shady forms advance !
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still.
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance !
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.
By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flow'rs ;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs,
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades ;
Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
Oh ! take the husband or return the wife !
He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the Poet's pray'r :
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard, and how glorious !
Though Fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet Music and Love were victorious.
But soon, too soon, the poet turns his eyes :
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
How wilt thou now the fatal sister move ?
No crime was thine, if'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the fall of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost!
 Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles: he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries
 Ah see, he dies!

Yet even in death Euridice he sung,
 Euridice still trembled on his tongue,
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm;
 And Fate's severest rage disarm:
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please;
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,
 The immortal powers incline their ear:
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
 And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

POPE.

THE CAVE OF SPLEEN.

Umbriel, a dusky melancholy sprite,
 As ever sullied the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
 Repair'd, to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
 No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows;
 The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
 Here, in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrin at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne! alike in place,
 But diff'ring far in figure and in face,
 Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkl'd form in black and white array'd;
 With store of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and noons,
 Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
 Practis'd to lips, and hang the head aside,
 Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
 On the rich quilt sink with becoming woe,
 Wrapp'd in a gown, for sickness and for show.
 The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease,

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies,
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
 Dreadful as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright as visions of expiring maids.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
 Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
 And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen

Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
 Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent; the handle this, and that the spout;
 A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
 Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks.

POPE.

EPISTLE TO DOCTOR ARBUTHNOT.

« Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
 Dipp'd me in ink — my parents' or my own?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came,
 I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd:
 The muse but serv'd to ease some Friend, not Wife?
 To help me through this long disease, my life,
 To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
 And teach the being you preserv'd to bear.
 But why then publish? *Granville* the polite,
 And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;
 Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays,
 The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read;
 E'en mitred *Rochester*, would not shake the head;
 And *St-John's* self (great *Dryden's* friend before)
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
 Happy my studies, when by those approv'd!
 Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
 From these the world will judge of men and books;
 Not from the *Burnets*, *Olmixons* and *Cooks*. »

POPE.

VERSIFICATION.

Many by numbers judge a poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong;
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,

Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear ,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair
 Not for the doctrine , but the music there .
 These equal syllables alone require ,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join ,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
 While they ring round the same unvari'd chimes
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
 Where'er you find « the cooling western breeze , »
 In the next line , « it whispers through the trees : »
 If crystal streams « with pleasing murmurs creep , »
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with « sleep ; »
 Then , at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought ,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song ,
 That , like a wounded snake , drags its slow length along .
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes , and know
 What's roundly smooth , or languishingly slow ;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line ,
 Where Denham's strength , and Waller's sweetness join .
 True ease in writing comes from art , not chance ,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance .
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence ,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense .
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows ,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore ,
 The hoarse , rough verse should like the torrent roar :
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw ,
 The line too labours , and the words move slow ;
 Not so , when swift Camilla scours the plain ,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn , and skims along the main .
 Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise ,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
 While at each change , the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory , and then melts with love ;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow ;
 Now sighs steal out , and tears begin to flow ;

Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the World's victor stood subdu'd by sound!

POPE.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

But all our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoars applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
« The Man of Ross, » each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bless'd,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorney, now a useless race.
Thrice happy man! enabl'd to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd five hundred pounds a-year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! Proud courts, withdraw your
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays. [blaze

And what? no monument, inscription, stone—
 His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
 Who builds a church to God: and not to Fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name:
 Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor makes all the history;
 Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between:
 Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been. POPE.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

Father of All! in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime ador'd,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill;
 And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
 Left free the human will:

What Conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This teach me more than hell to shun
 That more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
 Let me not cast away,
 For God is paid when Man receives:
 T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,

And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, oh ! teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death !

This day be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !
One chorus let all Beings raise !
All Nature's incense rise !

POPE.

THE ROSE - BUD.

Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose,
The beauties of thy leaves disclose !
The winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky.
The lark sweet warbling on the wing,
Salutes the gay return of spring ;
The silver dew, the vernal show'rs,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs ;

The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are cloth'd with green, or swell'd with buds:
Then haste thy beauties to disclose
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

Thou, beauteous flow'r, a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish on the fair-ones breast,
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.
Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm, ye skies!
Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise!
And haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose.

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey
In this sweet offspring of a day;
That miracle of face must fail:
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:
Swift as the short-liv'd flow'r they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die:
Though sickness yet a while forbears;
Yet time destroys what sickness spares.
How Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra's but a name.
Time must indent that heav'nly brow,
And thou must be, what they are now.
This moral to the fair disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose. **BROOME.**

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please: Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down

Upon the sloping cow slip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors through the underwood,
 Sweet murmuring: methought the shrill-tongued thrush
 Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note;
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
 Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
 Vied with his fellow-plant in luxury
 Of dress. Oh! then the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
 Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance?

BLAIR.

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first, at heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain:
 • Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
 • Britons never will be slaves. •

The nations, not so bless'd as thee,
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke:
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame;
 But work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine:

All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.

The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Bless'd isle! with matchless beauty crown'd
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

• Rule Britannia, rule the waves;

• Britons never will be slaves. » THOMSON.

CELADON AND AMELIA.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all,
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.

At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls, but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds; till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze;
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling: peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought:
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fatal flash. Young CELADON
And his AMELIA were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd and equal grace;
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd; but such their guileless passion was:
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.

'Twas friendship heightn'd by the mutual wish,
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self;
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,
 While, with each other bless'd, creative love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
 Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd
 Unwonted sighs; and stealing oft a look
 Tow'rd the big gloom, on CELADON her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
 In vain assuring love, and confidence
 In HEAV'N, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd high. « Fear not, » he said,
 « Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
 « And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
 « In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 « With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 « That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 « Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice
 « Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
 « With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine
 « 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 « To clasp perfection! » From his void embrace,
 (Mysterious heaven!) that moment to the ground,
 A blacken'd corse, was struk the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!

So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
 The well dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad. THOMSON.

DOMESTIC LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

O happy they! the happiest of their kind!
 Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnat'ral oft and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where friendship full exerts her softest pow'r,
 Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence for : nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungen'rous, who, alone, intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
 Well-merited, consume the nights and days :—
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
 Truth, goodness, honour harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heav'n.
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round;
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows; and ev'ry day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
 The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls

For the kind hand of an assiduous care,
 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
 The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various Nature pressing on the heart:
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heav'n.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
 And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
 A ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garlands on their heads:
 Till ev'ning comes at last, serene and mild;
 When, after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love;
 Together down they sink in social sleep;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

THOMSON.

THE SIBERIAN EXILE.

There thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,
 Wide-roams the Russian exile. Nought around
 Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
 And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
 Their icy horrors to the frozen Main:
 And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd,

Save when its annual course the caravan
 Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,
 With news of human kind. Yet there life glows;
 Yet cherish'd there beneath the shining waste,
 The furry nations harbour; tipp'd with jet,
 Fair ermines spotless as the snows they press;
 Sables, of glossy black: and dark - embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.

THOMSON.

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun!
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
 Tho' he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
 And there follow'd some droppings of rain!
 But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
 His rays all are gold, and his beauties are best;
 He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
 And foretells a bright rising again.
 Just such is the Christian: his course he begins,
 Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
 And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
 And travels his heavenly way:
 But, when he comes nearer to finish his race,
 Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
 And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
 Of rising in brighter array!

WATTS.

THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower!
 The glory of April and May:
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
 And they wither and die in a day.
 Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
 Above all the flowers of the field —

When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !
 So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
 Though they bloom and look gay like the rose ;
 But all our fond care to preserve them is vain —
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.
 Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
 Since both of them wither and fade ;
 But gain a good name by well doing my duty ;
 This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

WATTS

PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I sing th' almighty power of god,
 That made the mountains rise ;
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies !
 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
 The sun to rule the day :
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.
 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That fill'd the earth with food ;
 He form'd the creatures with his word ;
 And then pronounced them good.
 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
 Where'er I turn mine eye !
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky !
 There's not a plant or flow'r below
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.
 Creatures (as numerous as they be)
 Are subject to thy care ;
 There's not a place where we can flee
 But god is present there.

His hand is my perpetual guard ;
 He keeps me with his eye ;
 Why should I then forget the Lord ,
 Who is for ever nigh ?

WATTS.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

It was a brave attempt ! advent'rous he
 Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea ;
 And, leaving his dear native shore behind ,
 Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
 I see the surging brine : the tempest raves ;
 He on a pine-plank rides across the waves ,
 Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves.
 He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails ,
 Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land
 Fearless , when the great master gives command.
 Death is the storm ; she smiles to hear it roar ,
 And bids the tempest waft her from the shore :
 Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas ,
 And manages the raging storm with ease ;
 (*Her faith can govern Death*) she spreads her wings
 Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings ,
 And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
 As the shores lessen, so her joys arise ,
 The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies :
 Now vast eternity fills at her sight ;
 She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight ,
 The seas for ever calm , the skies for ever bright.

WATTS.

THE HAPPY MAN.

High o'er the winding of a cliffy shore ,
 From whose worn steep the black'ning surges roar ;
 Freeman , sweet lot ! in quiet plenty lives ;
 Rich in the unbought wealth which Nature gives ;
 Unplanted groves rise round his shelter'd seat ,

And self-sown flowers attract his wand'ring feet;
 Lengths of wild gardens his near views adorn;
 And far-seen fields wave with domestic corn.

The grateful herds which his own pastures feed,
 Pay their ask'd lives, and in due tribute bleed.
 Here in learn'd leisure, he relaxes life,
 'Twixt prattling children and a smiling wife;
 Here, on dependant want he feeds his care,
 Moves amid smiles, and all he hears is prayer.
 The world lies round him like a subject soil,
 Stored for his service, but beneath his toil.
 Hence in a morning walk his piercing eye
 Skims the green ocean to the circling sky;
 And marks at distance some returning sail,
 Wing'd by the courtship of a flatt'ring gale.
 The fearless crew, concluding danger o'er,
 With gladd'ning shouts salute the op'ning shore:
 They think how best they may their gains employ,
 And antedate their scenes of promised joy,
 Till a near quick-sand checks their shorten'd way,
 And the sunk mast point thro' the rising spray.
 Freeman starts sad! revolves the changeful sight,
 Where mis'ry can so soon succeed delight;
 Then shakes his head in pity of their fate,
 And sweetly conscious, hugs his happier state.

HILL.

EPITAPH OF A LAP—DOG.

I never bark'd when out of season;
 I never bit without a reason;
 I ne'er insulted weaker brother:
 Nor wrong'd by force nor fraud another:
 Though brutes are placed a rank below.
 Happy for man could he say so!

BLACKLOCK.

VIRTUE AND ORNAMENT.

The diamond's and the ruby's rays
 Shine with a milder, finer flame,
 And more attract our love and praise
 Than beauty's self, if lost to fame.

But the sweet tear in pity's eye
 Transcends the diamond's brightest beams,
 And the soft blush of modesty
 More precious than the ruby seems.

The glowing gem, the sparkling stone,
 May strike the sight with quick surprise;
 But truth and innocence alone
 Can still engage the good and wise.

No glittering ornament or show
 Will aught avail thy grief or pain:
 Only from inward worth can flow
 Delight that ever shall remain.

FORDYCE.

THE TWO BEAVERS.

'Twere well, my friend, for human kind,
 Would ev'ry man his bus'ness mind,
 In his own orbit always move,
 Nor blame, nor envy those above.

A beaver, well advanced in age
 By long experience render'd sage,
 Was skill'd in all the useful arts,
 And justly deem'd a beast of parts;
 Which he applied (as patriots should)
 In cultivating public good.

This beaver, on a certain day,
 A friendly visit went to pay.
 To a young cousin, pert and vain,
 Who often roved about the plain:
 With ev'ry idle beast conferr'd,
 Hearing and telling what he heard.

With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempest shake thy sylvan cell;
Or' midst the chase on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell:

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more:
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;
O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:
Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flies by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,
As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,
Whose numbers, stealing thro' thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!
For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge ,
 And sheds the fresh'ning dew ; and lovelier still ,
 The pensive pleasures sweet ,
 Prepare thy shadowy car .
 Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ,
 Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells ;
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams .
 Or , if chill blust'ring winds , or driving rain ,
 Prevent my willing feet , be mine the hut ,
 That , from the mountain's side ,
 Views wilds , and swelling floods ,
 And hamlets brown , and dim-discover'd spires ,
 And hears their simple bell , and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil .
 While Spring shall pour his show'rs , as oft he wont ,
 And bathe thy breething tresses , meekest Eve !
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy ling'ring light ;
 While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
 Or Winter , yelling through the troublous air ,
 Affrights thy shrinking train ,
 And rudely rends thy robes ;
 So long , regardless of thy quiet rule ,
 Shall Fancy , Friendship , Science , smiling Peace ,
 Thy gentlest influence own ,
 And love thy fav'rite name !

COLLINS.

THE BLIND BOY.

O say what is that thing call'd light ,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
 What are the blessings of the sight ?
 O tell your poor blind boy !
 You talk of wondrous things you see ,
 You say the sun shines bright ;
 I feel him warm , but how can he
 Or make it day or night ?

The vagrant youth was gone from home ;
 When the ancient sage approach'd his dome ;
 Who each apartment view'd with care,
 But found each wanted much repair.
 The walls were crack'd, decay'd the doors,
 The corn lay mouldy on the floors ;
 Thro' gaping crannies rush'd amain
 The blust'ring winds, with snow and rain,
 The timber all was rotten grown ,
 In short , the house was tumbling down.
 The gen'rous beast, by pity sway'd ,
 Grieved to behold it thus decay'd ;
 And while he mourn'd the tatter'd scene,
 The master of the lodge came in.

The first congratulations o'er,
 They rest recumbent on the floor ;
 When thus the young conceited beast.
 His thoughts impertinent express'd :

« I long have been surprised to find ,
 « The Lion grown so wond'rous kind
 « To one peculiar sort of beasts ,
 « While he another sort detests ;
 « His royal favour chiefly falls
 « Upon the species of Jackalls.
 « They share the profits of his throne ,
 « He smiles on them, and them alone.
 « Meanwhile, the ferret's useful race
 « He scarce admits to see his face ,
 « Traduced by lies and ill report ,
 « They're banish'd from his regal court ,
 « And counted, over all the plain ,
 « Opposers of the Lion's reign,
 « Now, I conceived a scheme last night ,
 « Would doubtless set this matter right.
 « These parties should unite together,
 « The Lion partial be to neither,
 « But let them both his favours share ,
 « And both consult in peace and war.
 « This method (were this method tried)
 « Would spread politic basis wide ,

- « And on a bottom broad and strong,
 « Support the social union long,
 « But, uncle, uncle, much I fear,
 « Some have abused the Lion's ear,
 « He listens to the leopard's tongue;
 « That cursed leopard leads him wrong
 « Were he but banish'd far away —
 « You don't attend to what I say! »
 « Why really, coz, » the sage rejoin'd,
 « The rain and snow, and driving wind,
 « Beat thro' with such prodigious force,
 « It made me deaf to your discourse
 « Now, coz, were my advice pursued,
 « (And sure I mean it for your good).
 « Methinks you should this house repair;
 « Be this your first and chiefest care.
 « Your skill the voice of Prudence calls
 « To stop these crannies in the walls,
 « And prop the roof before it falls.
 « If you this needful task perform,
 « You'll make your mansion dry and warm;
 « And we may then converse together,
 « Secure from the tempestuous weather. » DUCK.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED
TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with early dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,

My day or night myself I make,
 Whene'er I sleep or play;
 And could I ever keep awake,
 With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe;
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy:
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy.

COLLEY CIBBER

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF ANCIENT CITIES.

* * * * * They
 The clearest sense of Deity receive,
 Who view the widest prospect of his works,
 Ranging the globe with trade thro' various climes:
 Who see the signature of boundless love,
 Nor less the judgment of Almighty Power,
 That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'scapes
 From human justice: who astonish'd, view
 Etna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires;
 The dust of Carthage; desert shores of Nile;
 Of Tyre's abandoned summit; crown'd of old
 With stately tow'rs; whose merchants, from their isles,
 And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts;
 Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
 Their shaggy goats; their flocks; and bleating lambs;
 Where rich Damascus pil'd his fleeces white,
 Prepar'd and thirsty for the double tint,
 And flow'ring shuttle. While th'admiring world
 Crowded her streets; ah! then the hand of pride
 Sow'd imperceptible his poisonous weed?
 Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,

As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
 Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
 Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp remain,
 Not ev'n the dust they sunk in; by the breath
 Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
 Down to the bottom of the stormy deep.

DYER.

A COUNTRY LIFE,

O let me in the country range!
 'Tis there we breathe, 'tis there we live:
 The beauteous scene of aged mountains,
 Smiling valleys, murm'ring fountains;
 Lambs in flow'ry pastures bleating,
 Echo every note repeating;
 Bees with busy sounds delighting,
 Groves to gentle sleep inviting,
 Whisp'ring winds the poplars courting,
 Swains in rustic circles sporting,
 Birds in cheerful notes expressing
 Nature's beauty and their blessing:
 There afford a lasting pleasure,
 Without guilt and without measure.

BROWN.

FROM A PASTORAL BALLAD.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains, all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.
 Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
 Not a beech's more beautiful green
 But a sweet-briar entwines it around:

Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold;
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
 To the bowr's I have labour'd to rear;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there.
 O how sudden the jessamine strove
 With the lilac to render it gay!
 Already it calls for my love,
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flows?
 How the nightingales warble their loves
 From thickets of roses that blow!
 And when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join
 In a concert so soft and so clear,
 As — she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

SHENSTONE

FROM THE ROSCIAD.

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate sires
 Scarce hammer'd out, when nature's feeble fires
 Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood, half froze,
 Creeps lab'ring through the veins; whose heart ne'er
 With fancy-kindled heat, — a servile rage, [glows

Who in mere want of fault, all merit place;
 Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
 Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules:
 With solemn consequence declar'd that none
 Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone.
 Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
 Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd.

When, from amidst the throng, a youth stood forth,
 Unknown his person, not unknown his worth!
 His look bespoke applause; alone he stood,
 Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood.
 He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
 Who priz'd their own, but envy'd not their fame;
 With noble rev'rence spoke of Greece and Rome,
 And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

« But more than just to other countries frown,
 Must we turn base apostates to our own?
 Where do there words of Greece and Rome excel,
 That England may not please the ear as well?
 What mighty magic's in the place or air,
 That all perfection needs must centre there?
 In states, let strangers blindly be preferr'd;
 Genius is of no country, her pure ray
 Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
 Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
 And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.
 May not (to give a pleasing fancy scope
 And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope),
 May not some great extensive genius raise
 The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise:
 And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,
 Make England great in letters as in arms?
 There may — there hath — and Shakspeare's muse as-
 Beyond the reach of Greece; with native fires [pires
 Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
 While Sophocles below stands trembling at his height.
 Why should we then abroad for judges roam
 When abler judges we may find at home?
 Happy in tragic and in comic pow'r,
 Have we not Shakspeare? — Is not Johnson ours?

For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons, vote;
They'll judgelike Britons, who like Britons wrote. »

He said, and conquer'd — Sense resum'd her sway,
And disappointed pedants stalk'd away.
Shakspeare and Jonson, with deserv'd applause,
Joint judges were ordain'd to try the cause.

CHURCHILL.

INDEPENDENCE.

Hail, Independence — by true reason taught
How few have known and prized thee as they ought!
Some give thee up for riot; some, like boys,
Resign thee in their childish moods for toys;
Ambition some, some avarice, misleads,
And in both cases Independence bleeds.
Abroad in quest of thee how many roam,
Nor know they had thee in their reach at home!
Some, tho' about their paths, their beds about,
Have never had the sense to find thee out:
Others, who know of what they are possest,
Like fearful misers, lock thee in a chest,
Nor have the resolution to produce,
In these bad times, and bring thee forth for use,
Hail, Independence! — tho' thy name's scarce known,
Tho' thou, alas! art out of fashion grown,
Tho' all despise thee, I will not despise,
Nor live one moment longer than I prize
Thy presence, and enjoy. By angry Fate
Bow'd down, and almost crush'd, thou cam'st, tho' late,
Thou cam'st upon me like a second birth,
And made me know what life mas truly worth.
Hail, Independence! — never may my cot,
Till I forget thee, byet qehee forgot:
Thither, O thither! oftentimes repair.
Cotes, whom thou lovest too, shall meet thee there:
All thoughts but what arise from joy give o'er;
Peace dwells within, and Law shall guard the door.

CHURCHILL.

THE HARE AND TORTOISE.

A FABLE.

A forward hare of swiftness vain,
 The genius of the neighb'ring plain,
 Would oft deride the drudging crowd —
 For geniuses are ever proud.
 He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow,
 For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow:
 Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
 Outstrip his brethren half a length.
 A tortoise heard his vain oration,
 And vented thus his indignation: —
 « O puss! it bodes thee dire disgrace
 When I defy thee to the race.
 Come, 'tis a match: nay, no denial;
 I lay my shell upon the trial.»
 'Twas « done » and « done » all fair « a bet, »
 Judges prepared, and distance set.
 The scampering hare outstripp'd the wind,
 The creeping tortoise lagg'd behind,
 And scarce had pass'd a single pole
 When puss had almost reach'd the goal.
 « Friend tortoise, » quoth the jeering hare,
 « Your burden's more than your can bear;
 To help your speed it were as well
 That I should case you of your shell:
 Jog on a little faster, pr'ythee:
 I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.»
 The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
 But still resolved to persevere;
 On to the goal securely crept,
 While puss unknowing sound'ly slept.
 The bets were won, the hare awoke,
 When thus the victor tortoise spoke.
 « Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
 Things are not always done by starts.
 You may deride my awkward pace;
 But slow and steady wins the race, »

LLOYD.

ON NIGHT, TIME, AND DEATH.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne;
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world:
 Silence, how dead! and darkness how profound!
 Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
 An awful pause, prophetic of her end.
 And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
 Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more. —

O ye bless'd scenes of permanent delight!
 Full above measure! lasting beyond bound!
 Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
 That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
 And quite unparadise the realms of light.
 Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres,
 The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
 Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
 Here teems with revolutions ev'ry hour;
 And rarely for the better; or the best,
 More mortal than the common births of fate:
 Each moment has its sickle, emulous
 Of time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
 Strikes empires from the root; each moment plies
 His little weapon in the narrower sphere
 Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
 The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss! — Proud words, and vain!
 Implicit treason to divine decree!

A bold invasion of the rights of heav'n!
 I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air!
 O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,
 What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!

Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
 To tread out empire, and to quench the stars:
 The sun himself by thy permission shines;

And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
 Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
 Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
 Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me?
 Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
 Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
 And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
 O Cynthia! why so pale? dost thou lament
 Thy wretched neighbour! grieve, to see thy wheel
 Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?

In ev'ry varied posture, place, and hour,
 How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy;
 Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace,
 Thro' the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
 Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
 Strays, wretched rover! o'er the pleasing past,
 In quest of wretchedness, perversely strays;
 And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
 Of my departed joys, a num'rous train!
 I rue the riches of my former fate,
 Sweet comfort's blasted clusters make me sigh:
 I tremble at the blessings once so dear,
 And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
 I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot:
 In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
 The mother's throes on all of woman born,
 Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain.

YOUNG.

THE LAST DAY.

— At the destin'd hour,
 By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
 See, all the formidable sons of fire,
 Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
 Their various engines; all at once disgorge
 Their blazing magazines; and take by storm
 This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period : when each mountain height
 Out-burns Vesuvius ; rocks eternal pour
 Their melted mass , as rivers once they pour'd ,
 Stars rush ; and final ruin fiercely drives
 Her ploughshare o'er Creation ! — while aloft
 More than astonishment ! if more can be !
 Far other firmament than e'er was seen ,
 Than e'er was thought by man ! far other stars !
 Stars animate , that govern these of fire :
 Far other sun ! — A sun , O how unlike
 The babe of Bethlem ! how unlike the man
 That groan'd on Calvary ! — Yet , he it is ;
 That man of sorrows ! O how chang'd ! what pomp
 In grandeur terrible , all heav'n descends !
 A swift archangel , with his golden wing ,
 As blots and clouds that darken and disgrace
 The scene divine , sweeps stars and suns aside :
 And now , all dross remov'd , heav'n's own pure day ,
 Full on the confines of our ether , flames.
 While (dreadful contrast !) far , how far beneath !
 Hell bursting , belches forth her blazing seas ,
 And storms sulphureous ; her voracious jaws
 Expanding wide , and roaring for her prey.
 At midnight , when mankind is wrapp'd in peace ,
 And wordly fancy feeds on golden dreams ,
 Man , starting from his couch , shall sleep no more
 Above , around , beneath , amazement all !
 Terror and glory join'd in their extremes !
 Our God in grandeur , and our world on fire !
 All nature struggling in the pangs of death !
 Dost thou not hear her ? dost thou not deplore
 Her strong convulsions , and her final groan ?
 Where are we now ? Ah me ! the ground is gone
 On which we stood ! — Lorenzo ! while thou mayst ,
 Provide more firm support , or sink for ever !
 Where ? how ? from whence ? Vain hope ! it is too late !
 Where , where , for shelter , shall the guilty fly ,
 When consternation turns the good man pale ?
 Great day ! for which all other days were made ;
 For which earth rose from chaos ; man from earth ;

And an Eternity, the date of Gods,
 Descended on poor earth-created man!
 Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
 At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
 Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
 And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.
 Already is begun the grand assize,
 In us, in all: deputed conscience scales
 The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom!
 Forestalls; and by forestalling, proves it sure.
 Why on himself should man void judgment pass?
 Is idle nature laughing at her sons?
 Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,
 And God above assert that God in man. YOUNG.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

Far in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of health and peace,
 A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
 Beneath her mothers eye,
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her bless'd, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
 Gave colour to her cheek;
 Such orient colour smiles through Heav'n
 When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
 This charmer of the plains;
 That sun which bids their diamond blaze,
 To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fired each youth with love.
 Each maiden with despair,
 And though by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair:

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul that knew no art,
And from whose eyes serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither bosom lodged a wish
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
And seen it long unmoved,
Then with a father's frown, at last,
He sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of differing passions strove;
His heart, which durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deni'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance; to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too in Stanmore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And wearied Heaven with fruitless pray'rs,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past, he cried, but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love.

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd
And bathed with many a tear,
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale:
So morning dew appears.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
(A cruel sister she!)
Forbade that Emma came to say,
My Edwin, live for me.

Now homeward as she hopeless went,
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hov'ring shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale,
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling steps,
Her aged mother's door:
He's gone, she cried, and I must see
That angel face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
 Beat high against my side :
 From her white arm down sunk her head,
 She shiver'd, sigh'd and died. MALLETT.

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs,
 Of high and mighty name,
 The bravest was Sir JAMES THE ROSE
 A knight of meikle fame * * *
 The fair MATILDA dear he lov'd,
 A maid of beauty rare;
 Even MARG'RET on the Scottish throne
 Was never half so fair.
 Long had he woo'd; long she refused,
 With seeming scorn and pride;
 Yet oft her eyes confess'd the love
 Her fearful words deny'd.
 At length she bless'd his well-try'd love
 Allow'd his tender claim :
 She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
 And own'd an equal flame. * * *
 One night they met, as they were wont
 Deep in a shady wood;
 Where on the bank beside the burn
 A blooming saugh-tree stood.
 Conceal'd among the underwood,
 The crafty DONALD lay,
 The brother of Sir JOHN the GRAEME,
 To watch what they might say.
 When thus the maid began : « My sire
 « Our passion disapproves ;
 « He bids me wed Sir JOHN the GRAEME,
 « So here must end our loves. » * *
 « What do I hear ? Is this thy vow ? »
 Sir JAMES the Ross reply'd :
 « And will MATILDA wed the GRAEME,
 « Tho' sworn to be my bride ? » *

« I spoke to try thy love, » she said ;
 « I'll ne'er wed man but thee :
 « The grave shall be my bridal bed ,
 « If GRAEME my husband be. » * * *
 They parted thus — the sun was set :
 Up hasty DONALD flies ;
 And , « Turn thee , turn thee , beardless youth ! »
 He loud insulting cries. * * *
 « This for my brother's slighted love ;
 « His wrongs sit on my arm. » —
 Three paces back the youth retir'd ,
 And sav'd himself from harm.
 Returning swift , his sword he rear'd
 Fierce DONALD's head above ;
 And thro' the brain and crashing bone
 The furious weapon drove. * * *
 Thro' the green wood in haste he pass'd
 Unto Lord BUCHAN's hall :
 Beneath MATILDA's windows stood ,
 And thus on her did call :
 « Art thou asleep , MATILDA fair !
 « Awake , my love ! awake :
 « Behold thy lover waits without ,
 « A long farewell to take. » * * *
 « O do not so , » the maid reply'd ,
 « With me till morning stay ;
 « For dark and dreary is the night ,
 « And dang'rous is the way.
 « All night I'll watch thee in the park ;
 « My faithful page I'll send
 « In haste to raise the brave Clan Ross ,
 « Their master to defend. » * * *
 Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale ;
 Till in a lowly glen ,
 He met the furious Sir JOHN GRAEME ,
 With twenty of his men. * * *
 « Say , page ! where is Sir JAMES the Ross ?
 « I will thee well reward. » —
 « He sleeps into Lord BUCHAN's park ;
 « MATILDA is his guard. » —

They spurr'd their steeds, and furious flew,
 Like lightning, o'er the lea :
 They reach'd Lord BUCHAN-S lofty tow'rs
 By dawning of the day. * * *
 And now the valiant knight awoke,
 The virgin shrieking heard :
 Straight up he rose, and drew his sword,
 When the fierce band appear'd.
 « Your sword last night my brother slew,
 His blood yet dims its shine ;
 « And, ere the sun shall gild the morn,
 « Your blood shall reek on mine. » * * *
 Four of Græme's men, the bravest four,
 Sunk down beneath his sword ;
 But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
 And sought their haughty lord.
 Behind him basely came the GRAEME,
 And pierc'd him in the side :
 Out spouting came the purple stream,
 And all his tartans dy'd.
 But yet his hand not dropp'd the sword,
 Nor sunk he to the ground,
 Till thro' his en'my's heart his steel
 Had forc'd a mortal wound. * * *
 MATILDA saw, and fast she ran :
 « O spare his life, she cry'd ;
 « Lord BUCHAN'S daughter begs his life,
 « Let her not be deny'd. »
 Her well-known voice the hero heard ;
 He rais'd his death-clos'd eyes ;
 He fix'd them on the weeping maid,
 And weakly thus replies ;
 « In vain MATILDA begs a life
 « By death's arrest deny'd ;
 « My race is run... adieu, my love ! »
 Then clos'd his eyes, and died.
 The sword, yet warm, from his left side,
 With frantic hand she drew ;
 « I come, Sir JAMES the Ross, » she cry'd,
 « I come to follow you. »

The hilt she lean'd against the ground,
 And bared her snowy breast;
 Then fell upon her lover's face,
 And sunk to endless rest. BRUCE.

JUNIO AND THEANA.

Soon as young reason dawn'd in Junio's breast,
 His father sent him from these genial isles,
 To where old Thames with conscious pride surveys
 Green Eton, soft abode of every Muse.
 Each classic beauty he soon made his own,
 And soon famed Isis saw him woo the Nine,
 On her inspiring banks. Love tuned his song;
 For fair Theana was his only theme,
 Acasto's daughter, whom in early youth
 He oft distinguish'd; and for whom he oft
 Had climb'd the bending cocoa's airy height,
 To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,
 When he presented, more nectareous deem'd.
 The sweetest sappadillas oft he brought —
 From him more sweet ripe sappadillas seem'd;
 Nor had long absence yet effaced her form;
 Her charms still triumph'd c'er Britannia's fair.
 One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks;
 Nor knew, till then, sweet Sheen contain'd his all.
 His taste mature approved his infant choice.
 In colour, form, expression, and in grace,
 She shone all perfect; while each pleasing art,
 And each soft virtue that the sex adorns,
 Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect strain
 Can ill describe the transports Junio felt
 At this discovery; he declared his love:
 She own'd his merit, nor refused his hand.

And shall not Hymen light his brightest torch
 For this delighted pair? Ah, Junio knew
 His sire detested his Theana's house! —
 Thus duty, reverence, gratitude, conspired
 To check their happy union. He resolved

(And many a sigh that resolution cost)
 To pass the time, till death his sire removed,
 In visiting old Europe's letter'd climes:
 While she (and many a tear that parting drew)
 Embark'd, reluctant, for her native isle.

Though learned, curious, and though nobly bent
 With each rare talent to adorn his mind,
 His native land to serve, no joys he found.
 Yet sprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign;
 Yet Greece, of old the seat of every Muse,
 Of freedom, courage; yet Ausonia's clime
 His steps explored, where painting, music's strains,
 Where arts, where laws (philosophy's best child),
 With rival beauties his attention claim'd.
 To his just-judging, his instructed eye,
 The all-perfect Medicean Venus seem'd
 A perfect semblance of his Indian fair:
 But when she spoke of love, her voice surpass'd
 The harmonious warblings of Italian song.
 Twice one year elapsed, when letters came,
 Which briefly told him of his father's death.
 Afflicted, filial, yet to Heav'n resign'd,
 Soon he reach'd Albion, and as soon embark'd,
 Eager to clasp the object of his love.

Blow, prosperous breezes! swiftly sail, thou Po!
 Swift sail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.

In Biscay's stormy seas: an armed ship,
 Of force superior, from loud Charente's wave
 Clapt them on board. The frightened flying crew
 Their colours strike; when dauntless Junio, fired
 With noble indignation, kill'd the chief,
 Who on the bloody deck dealt slaughter round.
 The Gauls retreat; the Britons loud huzza;
 And touch'd with shame, with emulation stung,
 So plied their cannon, plied their missile fires,
 That soon in air the hapless Thunderer blew.
 Blow, prosperous breezes! swiftly sail, thou Po!
 May no more dangerous fights retard thy way!

Soon Porto Santo's rocky heights they spy,
 Like clouds dim rising in the distant sky;

Glad Eurus whistles, laugh the sportive crew;
Each sail is set to catch the favouring gale,
While on the yard-arm the harpooner sits,
Strikes the boneta, or the shark insnares:
The little nautilus, with purple pride
Expands his sails, and dances o'er the waves:
Small winged fishes on the shrouds alight;
And beauteous dolphins gently play around.

Though faster than the tropic bird they flew,
Oft Junio cried, Ah! when shall we see land?
Soon land they made; and now in thought he clasp'd
His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid.
She, no less anxious, every evening walk'd
On the cool margin of the purple main,
Intent her Junio's vessel to descry.

One eve (faint calms for many a day had raged)
The winged Demons of the tempest rose;
Thunder, and rain, and lightning's awful power:
She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim
Exemption from the grave, the ethereal bolt
That stretch'd her speechless, o'er her lovely head
Had innocently roll'd. —

Meanwhile, impatient Junio leapt ashore,
Regardless of the Demons of the storm.
Ah, youth! what woes, to great for man to bear
Are ready to burst on thee! Urge not so
The flying courser. Soon Theana's porch
Received him; at his sight, the ancient slaves
Affrighted shriek, and to the chamber point:
Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant,
He entered hasty. —

Ah! what a sight for one who loved so well!
All pale and cold, in every feature death,
Theana lay; and yet a glimpse of joy
Play'd on her face, while with faint faltering voice
She thus address'd the youth, whom yet she knew
« Welcome, my Junio, to thy native shore!
« Thy sight repays the summons of my fate;
« Live, and live happy; sometimes think of me:
« By night, by day, you still engaged my care;

« And , next to God , you now my thoughts employ ;
 « Accept of this — My little all I give ;
 « Would it were larger. » — Nature could no more ;
 She look'd , embraced him with a groan expired.
 But say , what strains , what language can express
 The thousand pangs , which tore the lover's breast !
 Upon her breathless corse himself he threw ,
 And to her clay-cold lips , with trembling haste .
 Ten thousand kisses gave. He strove to speak ;
 Nor words he found ; he claspt her in his arms :
 He sigh'd , he swoon'd , look'd up and died away.
 One grave contains this hapless , faithful pair ;
 And still the cane-isles tell their matchless love !

GRAINGER.

THE WISH.

How short is life's uncertain space !
 Alas ! how quickly done !
 How swift the wild precarious chace !
 And yet how difficult the race ,
 How very hard to run !

Youth stops at first its wilful ears
 To wisdom's prudent voice ;
 Till now arriv'd to riper years ,
 Experienc'd age , worn out with cares ,
 Repents its earlier choice.

What though its prospects now appear
 So pleasing and refined ;
 Yet groundless hope and anxious fear
 By turns the busy moments share ,
 And prey upon the mind.

Since then false joys our fancy cheat
 With hopes of real bliss ;
 Ye guardian Pow'rs that rule my fate ,
 The only wish that I create
 Is all compris'd in this :

May I through life's uncertain tide
 Be still from pain except;
 May all my wants be still supply'd,
 My state too low t'admit of pride.
 And yet above contempt.

But should your Providence divine
 A greeter bliss intend;
 May all those blessings you design
 (If e'er those blessings shall be mine)
 Be centred in a friend.

MERRICK.

GREATNESS AND SUBLIMITY

OF IMAGINATION.

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
 Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
 Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
 With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame;
 But that th'Omnipotent might send him forth
 In sight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
 As on a boundless theatre, to run
 The great career of justice; to exalt
 His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
 To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
 And through the mist of passion and of sense,
 And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
 To hold his course unfalt'ring, while the voice
 Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
 Of nature, call him to his high reward,
 Th' applauding smile of Heav'n? Else wherefore burns
 In immortal bosoms this unquench'd hope,
 That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
 And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
 With such resistless ardour to embrace
 Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
 Spurning the gross control of wilful might,
 Proud of the strong contention of her toils,
 Proud to be daring! Who but rather turns
 To heav'n's broad fire his unconstrained view,

Than to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame ?
Who that , from Alpine heights , his lab'ring eye
Shoots round the horizon , to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanting rill
That murmurs at his feet ? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heav'n-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air ; pursues the flying storm ;
Rides on the volley'd lightning through the heav'ns ;
Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long track of day. Then high she scars
The blue profound, and hov'ring round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light ; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets ; through its burning signs
Exulting , measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests th' orient. Now amaz'd she views
Th' empyreal waste , where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heav'n , their calm abode ;
And fields of radiance , whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
E'en on the barriers of the world , untir'd ,
She meditates th' eternal depth below :
Till , half recoiling , down the headlong steep
She plunges ; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man , the sov'reign Maker said ,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,

Pow'r's purple robes, nor pleasure's flow'ry lap,
 The soul should find enjoyment : but from these
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,
 Through all th'ascent of things enlarge her view,
 Till ev'ry bound at length should disappear,
 And infinite perfection close the scene. AKENSIDE.

FROM THE SHIPWRECK.

As some fell conq'ror, frantic with success,
 Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress;
 So while the wat'ry wilderness he roams,
 Incens'd to sevenfold rage the tempest foams;
 And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
 Shrill through the cordage howls, with notes of woe.
 Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,
 Growl, from afar, a deaf and hollow groan!
 The ship's high battlements, to either side
 For ever rocking, drink the briny tide:
 Her joints unhing'd, in palsi'd languors play,
 As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
 The skies, asunder torn, a deluge pour;
 Th' impetuous hail descends in whirling show'r.
 High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
 Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.
 Th' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd
 Now lurks behind impenetrable shade;
 Now, flashing round intolerable light,
 Redoubles all the terrors of the night,
 Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,
 When heav'n's loud trumpet sounded o'er his head:
 It seem'd, the wrathful angel of the wind
 Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd;
 And here to one ill fated ship oppos'd,
 At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd.
 And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
 Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings!
 Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks!
 Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes!

Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge :
There, all aghast, the shiv'ring wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood.
Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
And dread concussion rends th'ethereal frame :
Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And nature shudd'ring feels the horrid roar.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light.
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
But ah! the force of numbers strives in vain,
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.

* * * * * Albert hugs the floating mast;
His soul could yet sustain the mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe :
For now soft nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with pow'ful strain;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return;
To black adversity's approach expos'd,
With want and hardships unforeseen enclos'd :
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to succour and defend;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray —
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outstretch'd arms the master's legs enfold.
Sad Albert feels his dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For death bids ev'ry clinching joint adhere.
All faint, to heav'n he throws his dying eyes,
And, « O protect my wife and child! » he cries :
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound!
He gasps, he dies, and tumbles to the ground!

SOCRATES.

. But let us now relate
 A character as opposite as great,
 In him who living gave to Athens fame,
 And, by his death, immortalized her shame.
 Dread scourge of sophists! he from Heaven brought down,
 And placed true wisdom on th'usurper's throne:
 Philosopher in all things, but in pretence
 He taught what they neglected, common sense.
 They o'er the stiff Lyceum form'd to rule;
 He o'er mankind; all Athens was his school.
 The sober tradesman, and smart *petit maitre*,
 Great lords and wits, in their own eyes still greater,
 With him grew wise; unknowing they were taught:
 He spoke like them, tho' not like them he thought;
 Nor wept, nor laugh'd, at man's perverted state;
 But left to women, this; to idiots, that.
 View him with sophists famed for fierce contest;
 Or crown'd with roses at the jovial feast;
 Insulted by a peevish, noisy wife,
 Or at the bar foredoom'd to lose his life;
 What moving words flow from his artless tongue,
 Sublime with ease; with condescension strong

STILLINGFLEET.

 ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF
 ETON COLLEGE.

Ye'distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
 That crown the wat'ry glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her HENRY'S (1) holy shade:
 And ye that, from the stately brow
 Of WINDSOR's heights, th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among

(1) King Henry the Sixth, founder of the college.

Wanders the horary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father THAMES (for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasures trace),
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the dying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
And snatch a fearful joy,

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast;
Their buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour bon;

The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fary passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years, beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen;
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That ev'ry lab'ring sinew strains,

Those in the deeper vitals rage :
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate !
 Since sorrow never comestoo late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ; were ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY.

ELEGY,
 WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea ;
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;
 Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.
 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children to lisprun their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their harrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of healdry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th'inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes —
Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;
The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray :
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.
Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect ;
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
Their name, their years, spelt by th'unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind ?
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate:
 If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary headed swain may say,
 « Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 « Brushing, with hasty steps, the dew away,
 « To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

« There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 « That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 « His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 « And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

« Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 « Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
 « Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
 « Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

« One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
 « Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
 « Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 « Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

« The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 « Slow thro' the churchyard path we saw him born:
 « Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 « Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn. »

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;
 He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear:
 He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his father and his God. GRAY.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
 Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground:
 Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door:
 In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
 His all become the prey of war:
 Bethinks him of his babe and wife;
 Then smites his breast, and curses life.
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain:
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in ev'ry clime,
 Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay,
 No more shall cheer the happy day:
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter-night:
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,
 And naught be heard but sounds of woe;

While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!

The sons against their fathers stood;
The parent shed his children's blood!

Yet when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:

The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;

The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;

Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;

And, stretch'd beneath th'inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;

Resentment of my country's fate

Within my filial breast shall beat;

And, spite of her insulting foe,

My sympathizing verse shall flow:

« Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn

« Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn! »

SMOLLET.

THE LOOKING GLASS : OR ILL-HUMOUR CORRECTED.

There was a little stubborn dame,

Whom no authority could tame:

Restive, by long indulgence, grown,

No will she minded but her own:

At trifles oft sh'ed scold and fret,

Then in a corner take a seat,

And, sourly moping all the day,

Disdain alike to work or play.

Papa all softer arts had tried,
And sharper remedies applied;
But both were vain; for ev'ry course
He took, still made her worse and worse.
Mamma observ'd the rising lass,
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humour of the maid;
Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall, against the seat,
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might show her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful, when she storm'd;
And warn her, as she prized her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty.
All this the looking-glass achiev'd;
Its threats were minded and believ'd.
The maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice.
So, when all other means had fail'd)
The silent monitor prevail'd.

WILKIE.

A MONODY ON THE DEATH OF LADY LYTTTELTON.

"Ipse cava solans ægrum testudine am o rem,
"Te, dulcis con ux, te solo in littore secum,
"Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."

* * * * *
Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!

But never shall you now behold her more :
 Nor will she now , witht fond delight ,
 And taste refin'd , your rural charms explore.
 Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night ,
 Those beauteous eyes , where , beaming , us'd to shine
 Reason's pure light , and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
 To hear her heavenly voice ;
 For her despising , when she deign'd to sing ,
 The sweetest songsters of the spring ;
 The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more ;
 The nightingale was mute ,
 And ev'ry shepherds flute
 Was cast in silent scorn away ,
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.
 Ye larks and linnets , now resume your song ;
 And thou , melodious Philomel ,
 Again thy plaintive story tell ;
 For death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue ,
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around ,
 O'er all the well-known ground ,
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry :
 Where oft we us'd to walk ;
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky ;
 Nor by yon fountain's side ,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley can she now be found :
 In all the wide-strech'd prospect's ample bound :
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy ,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley , where is now your boast ?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine .
 The pomp of cities and the pride of courts .
 Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye :

To your sequester'd dales,
 And flower-embroider'd vales,
 From an admiring world she chose to fly:
 With Nature there retir'd, and Natur'es God,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd every passion from her breast;
 But those the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes! who like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,

By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?
 Ah! where is now the hand, whose tender care,
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flowrs the thorny ways of truth?

O loss beyond repair!

O wretched father! left alone,
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
 And, drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,

Now she, alas! is gone,
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to save!

* * How each beauty of her mind and face
 Was heighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!

How eloquent in ev'ry look
 Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
 Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree

With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And incorrupted Innocence!

Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the soft'ning influence
 Of more than female tenderness:

How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy;

Her kindly melting heart,
 To every want, and every woe,
 To guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart;
 And all relief that bounty could bestow!
 E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall;
 Tears, from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind!
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile or frown;
 That could, without regret or pain,
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or Int'rest or Ambition's highest prize:
 That, injured or offended, never tried
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain,
 A wit that, temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light

All pleasing shone; nor ever pass'd
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd;
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And, without weakness, knew to be sincere
 Such Lucy was when in her fairest days,
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise.

In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

We were the happiest pair of human kind:
 The rolling year its various course perform'd,
 And back return'd again;
 Another, and another, smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain.

Still in her golden chain
Harmonious concord did our wishes bind :
Our studies, pleasures, taste the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke !
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity ,
On which even wanton Vice with envy gaz'd .
And ev'ry scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd ,
With soothing hope , for many a future day ,
In one sad moment broke !
Yet, O my soul ! thy rising murmurs stay ;
Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign ,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain ;
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade ,
Was his most righteous will — and be that will obey'd .
Would thy fond love his grace to her control ,
And , in these low abodes of sin and pain ,
Her pure exalted soul ,
Unjustly , for thy partial good detain ?
No — rather strive thy groveling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze ,
That heav'nly radiance of eternal light ,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees ,
How frail , how insecure , how slight ,
Is ev'ry mortal bliss !
Even Love itself , if rising by degrees ,
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state ,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end ,
It does not to its sov'reign good ascend .
Rise then , my soul , with hope elate ,
And seek those regions of serene delight ,
Whose peaceful path , and ever-open gate ,
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss :
There death himself thy Lucy shall restore ;
There yield up all his pow'r ne'er to divide you more .

LYTTELTON.

DAY: A PASTORAL.

MORNING.

In the barn the tenant cock,
 Close to partlet perch'd on high,
 Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
 Jocund that the morning's nigh.
 Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
 Shadows, nurs'd by Night, retire;
 And the peeping sun-beam, now,
 Paints with gold the village spire.
 Philomel forsakes the thorn,
 Plaintive where she prates at night;
 And the lark, to meet the morn,
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.
 From the low-roof'd cottage ridge
 See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
 Darting thro' the one-arch'd bridge,
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.
 Now the pine-tree's waving top
 Gently greets the morning gale!
 Kidlings now begin to crop
 Daisies in the dewy vale.
 From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
 (Restless till her task be done)
 Now the busy bees employ'd
 Sipping dew before the sun.
 Trickling thro' the crevic'd rock,
 Where the limpid stream distils,
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.
 Colin, for the promis'd corn
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
 Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn
 Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.
 Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white en blossom'd spray!

Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

Fervid on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noon-tide radiance glows,
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.
By the brook the shepherd dines;
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendant o'er his grassy seat.
Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where, uncheck'd, the sun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey-wall.
Echo, in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.
Cattle court the zephyrs bland.
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.
But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings,
Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd serene and still!
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.
Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending show'r,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting flow'r.
Now the hill, the hedge is green,
Now the warbler's throat's in tune!

Blithsome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of noon!

EVENING

O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free — (the furrow'd task is done) —
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun,
Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?
Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.
Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!
As the lark with vari'd tune
Carols to the evening loud,
Mark the mild resplendent moon
Breaking thro' a parted cloud!
Now the hermit owlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.
As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.
Tripping thro' the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
With her well-pois'd milking pail.
Linuets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,

Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
 Bid the setting sun adieu.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE FAIR MILK-MAID.

Who had not heard
 Of Patty, the fair milk-maid? Beautiful
 As an Arcadian nymph; upon her brow
 Sat virgin modesty, while in her eyes
 Young sensibility began to play
 With innocence. Her waving locks fell down
 On either side her face in careless curls,
 Shading the tender blushes on her cheek.
 Her breath was sweeter than the morning gale,
 Stolen from the rose or violet's dewy leaves.
 Her ivory teeth appear'd in even rows,
 Through lips of living coral. When she spoke,
 Her features wore intelligence: her words
 Were soft, with such a smile accompanied,
 As lighted in her face resistless charms.
 Her shape was moulded by the hand of ease,
 Exact proportion harmonized her frame;
 While grace, following her steps, with secret art
 Stole into all her motions. Thus she walk'd
 In sweet simplicity; a snow-white pail
 Hung on her arm, the symbol of her skill
 In that fair province of the rural state,
 The dairy; source of more delicious bowls
 Than Bacchus from his choicest vintage boasts.

How great the power of beauty! The rude swains
 Grow civil at her sight: and gaping crowds,
 Wrapt in astonishment, with transport gaze,
 Whispering her praises in each other's ear.
 As when a gentle breeze, borne through the grove,
 With quick vibration shakes the trembling leaves,
 And hushing murmurs run from tree to tree;

So ran a spreading whisper through the crowd.
 Young Thyrsis hearing, turn'd aside his head,
 And soon the pleasing wonder caught his eye.
 Full in the prime of youth, the joyful heir
 Of numerous acres, a large freehold farm,
 Thyrsis as yet from beauty felt no pain,
 Had seen no virgin he could wish to make
 His wedded partner. Now his beating heart
 Feels new emotion; now his fixed eye,
 With fervent rapture dwelling on her charms,
 Drinks in delicious draughts of new-born love.
 No rest the night, no peace the following day
 Brought to his struggling heart: her beauteous form,
 Her fair perfections playing on his mind;
 With pleasing anguish torture him. In vain
 He strives to tear her image from his breast;
 Each little grace, each dear bewitching look,
 Returns triumphant, breaking his resolves,
 And binding all his soul a slave to love.

Ah! little did he know, alas! the while
 Poor Patty's tender heart, in mutual pain,
 Long, long for him had heaved the secret sigh:
 For him she drest, for him the pleasing arts
 She studied, and for him she wish'd to live.
 But her low fortunes, nursing sad despair,
 Check'd the young hope; nor durst her modest eyes
 Indulge the smallest glances of her flame,
 Lest curious malice, like a watchful spy,
 Should catch the secret, and with taunts reveal.
 Judge then the sweet surprise, when she at length
 Beheld him, all irresolute, approach;
 And gently taking her fair trembling hand,
 Breathe these soft words into her listening ear:
 "O Patty! dearest maid! whose beauteous form
 "Dwells in my breast, and charms my soul to love,
 "Accept my vows; accept a faithful heart,
 "Which from this hour devotes itself to thee:
 "Wealth has no relish, life can give no joy,
 "If you forbid my hopes to call you mine."
 Ah! who the sudden tumult can describe

Of struggling passions rising in her breast?
 Hope, fear, confusion, modesty and love,
 Oppress her labouring soul : — She strove to speak,
 But the faint accents died upon her tongue :
 Her fears prevented utterance. At length :
 « Can Thyrsis mock my poverty ? can he
 « Be so unkind ? O no ! yet I, alas !
 « Too humble even to hope. » No more she said :
 But gently, as if half unwilling, stole
 Her hand from his ; and, with sweet modesty,
 Casting a look of diffidence and fear,
 To hide her blushes, silently withdrew,
 But Thyrsis read, with rapture, in her eyes
 The language of her soul. He follow'd ! woo'd
 And won her for his wife. His lowing herds
 Soon call her mistress ; soon their milky streams,
 Coagulated, rise in circling piles
 Of harden'd curd ; and all the dairies round
 To her sweet butter yield superior praise.

DODSLEY.

ON GOLDSMITH.

« Here, Hermes , » says Jove, who with nectar
 [was mellow,
 « Go fetch me some clay — I will make an *odd fellow* ;
 « Right and wrong shall be jumbled — much gold and
 [some dross ;
 « Without cause be he pleased, without cause be he
 [cross.
 « Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
 « A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions ;
 « Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the
 [baking,
 « Turn to *learning* and *gaming*, *religion* and *raking* ;
 « With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste ;
 « Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine
 [taste ;
 « That the rake and the poet o'er all ma prevail,

« Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail :
 « For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow it,
 « This *scholar, rake, christian, dupe, gamester and poet* :
 « Tho' a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
 « And among brother mortals — be GOLDSMITH his name!
 « When on earth this strange meteor no more shall ap-
 [pear,
 « You, *Hermes*, shall fetch him to make us sport here. »

GARRICK.

THE FRENCH.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn, — and France displays her bright domain.
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire!
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
 And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
 Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour!
 Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here.
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
 From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise;

They please, are pleas'd ; they give to get esteem ;
Till , seeming bless'd , they grow to what they seem .

But while this softer art their bliss supplies ,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly lov'd , or warmly sought ,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
And the weak soul ; within itself unblest'd ,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast ;
Hence ostentation here , with tawdry art ,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart :
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace ,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper-lace :
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer ,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws ,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause .

GOLDSMITH.

THE ENGLISH.

Fir'd at the sound , my Genius spreads her wing ,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring ,
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride ;
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide :
There all around the gentlest breezes stray ,
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray ;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd ;
Extremes are only in the master's mind !
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state ,
With daring aims irregularly great :
Pride in their port , defiance in their eye ,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by ;
Intent on high designs , a thoughtful band ,
By forms unfashion'd , fresh from Natur'es hand ;
Fierce in their native hardness of soul ,
True to imagin'd right , above control :
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan
And learns to venerate himself as man .

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here
Thine are those charms, that dazzle and endear.

GOLDSMITH.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

Near yonder copse, where once a garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His Pity gave ere Charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tri'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The rev'rend champion stood ; at his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal each honest rustic ran ;
 E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile :
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd ;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head. GOLDSMITH.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL—MASTER.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
 There in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school ;
 A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew.
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd :
 Yet he was kind ; or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;

The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
 Twas certain he could write and cypher too ;
 Lands he could measure ? terms and tides presage ,
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge ;
 In arguing too , the parson own'd his skill ,
 For e'en though vainquish'd , he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length , and thun'dring sound ,
 Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
 And still they gaz'd , and still the wonder grew ,
 That one small head could carry all he knew .
 But past is all his fame : the very spot ,
 Where many a time he triumph'd , is forgot .

GOLDSMITH.

LESSONS OF WISDOM.

How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains ,
 The disappointments , and disgust of those
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;
 The precepts here of a divine old man
 I could recite. Though old , he still retain'd
 His manly sense , and energy of mind .
 Virtuous and wise he was , but not severe ;
 He still remember'd that he once was young ;
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy .
 Him e'en the dissolute admir'd ; for he
 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read ,
 Much more had seen ; he studied from the life ,
 And in th'original perused mankind .

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life ,
 He piti'd man : and much he piti'd those
 Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy .
 Our aim is happiness ; 'tis yours , 'tis mine ,
 He said , 'tis the pursuit of all that live ;
 Yet few attain it , if 'twas e'er attain'd .
 But they the wildest wander from the mark ,
 Who through the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy ,

Seek this coy Goddess, that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam: and were the Fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
Were those exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
And cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy e'en in vain,
Rather than tease her sated appetites.
Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, neve sleeps.
Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge: but shun satiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be bless'd:
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
And Virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin:
Virtue and Sense are one; and, trust me, he
Who has not Virtue is not truly wise.
Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool
Is sense and spirit with humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and frownits confounds;
'Tis e'en vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosp'rous days,
The peace and shelter of adversity;
And if you pant for glory; build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd

By sense alone , and dignity of mind.

Virtue , the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heav'n : a happiness
That e'en above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites : a wealth
That ne'er encumbers , nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd : it is the only good
Man justly boasts of , or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd :
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave ,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
But for one end , one much neglected use ,
Are riches worth your care (for Nature's wants
Are few , and without opulence suppli'd).
This noble end is to produce the Soul ;
To show the virtues in their fairest light ;
To make Humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence , and teach the breast
That gen'rous luxury the Gods enjoy. —
Thus , in his graver vein , the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong her taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard ;
And (strange to tell !) he practis'd what he preach'd.

ARMSTRONG.

THE LAMENTATION OF A ROBIN.

The gentle pair that , in these lonely shades ,
Wandering at eve or morn , I oft have seen ,
Now all in vain I seek at eve or morn ,
With drooping wing forlorn
Along the grove , along the daisied green ,
For them I've warbled many a summer's day ,
Till the light dew's impearled all the plain ,
And the glad shepherd shut his nightly fold ;
Stories of love , and high adventures old ,
Were the dear subjects of my tuneful strain.
Ah ! where is now the hope of all my lay ?
Now they , perchance , that heard them , all are dead !

With them the meed of melody is fled,
 And fled with them the list'ning ear of praise.
 Vainly I dreamt that when the wint'ry sky
 Scatter'd the white flood on the wasted plain.
 When not one berry, not one leaf was nigh,
 To soothe keen hunger's pain —
 Vainly I dreamt my songs might not be vain:
 That oft within the hospitable hall
 Some scatter'd fragments haply I might find,
 Some friendly crumb, perchance, for me design'd,
 When seen despairing on the neighbouring wall.
 Deluded bird! those hopes are now no more!
 Dull time has blasted the despairing year,
 And winter frowns severe,
 Wrapping his wan limbs in his mantle hoar;
 Yet not within the hospitable hall
 The cheerful sound of human voice I hear;
 No piteous eye is near
 To see me drooping on the lonely wall.

LANGHORNE.

FLORA AND THE BOY.

A boy one morn into a garden stray'd,
 Which Flora had adorn'd with sweetest flow'rs;
 Roses, azalias, lilies, pinks, display'd
 Their various charms, their fascinating powers.
 The little rogue delighted, view'd the rich parterre,
 And long'd to rifle ev'ry beauty there
 But Flora when she saw him thus dispos'd,
 Drew near, and wisely interpos'd:
 Then smiling said, « My little friend,
 To one alone your choice must be confin'd;
 Look round, select one to your mind,
 Where balmy odours with rare beauty blend.»
 He quickly laid his hand upon a rose
 Whose charms might well his little heart engage,
 When soon the thorns his rude attack oppose
 With indignation fir'd,

He from the lurking enemy retir'd ;
 And scornful thus express'd ; his idle rage ;
 Go , wither on thy stem , thou treach'rous flower ,
 There pine and fade , neglected and forlorn ;
 I'll seek another rose in yonder bower ,
 Who , fair like thee , shall blow without one thorn. »
 He ran to pluck one from the clust'ring store ;
 Each bower examined o'er and o'er ,
 As vainly search'd the garden round , —
 Alas ! no rose without a thorn was to be found.
 His heart *heat* high with rising pride ,
 That thus his wishes were denied
 (For he had never felt control) ;
 At length a flood of tears relieved his swelling soul.
 Flora diverted at such childish grief ,
 Yet willing to encourage him , approach'd again :
 « My son , she said , thy tears are vain ;
 But take my counsel , you will find relief.
 Courage and perseverance never fail :
 First o'er the thorns prevail ,
 Each difficulty you will then remove ,
 And gain the object of your love. »
 To these each little student may compare
 The hours of learning , often mix'd with care ;
 Yet , while the road to knowledge is in view ,
 With diligence its winding path pursue ,
 And tho' some briars on the way appear ,
 Those will be conquer'd if you persevere ;
 And having well employ'd your youthful hours ,
 Reap with advantage Time's most precious flowers.

LANGHORNE.

LONDON,

A POEM, IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

Here malice , rapine , accident , conspire ,
 And now a rabble rages , now a fire ;
 Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay ,

And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;
Here falling houses thunder on your head ,
And here a female atheist talks you dead .
While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains ,
On Thames's banks in silent thought we stood ,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood ;
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza (1) birth ,
We kneel and kiss the consecrated earth ;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew ,
And call Britannia's glories back to view . —

The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see !
Mark whom the great caress , who frown on me !
London , the needy villain's gen'ral home .
The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome ;
With eager thirst , by folly or by fate ,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state . —
Illustrious Edward , from the realms of day ,
The land of heroes and of saints survey ;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace ,
The rustic grandeur or the surly grace . —

All that at home no more can beg or steal ,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel :
Hiss'd from the stage , or hooted from the court ,
Their air , their dress , their politics import ;
Obsequious , artful , voluble , and gay ,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey . —
Ah ! what avails it , that from slav'ry far ,
I drew the breath of life in English air ;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize ,
And lisp the tale of Henry's victories ;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain ,
And flattery subdues when arms are vain ? —
This mournful truth is every where confess'd ,
Slow rises worth , by poverty depress'd :
But here more slow , where all are slaves to gold ,
Where looks are merchandise , and smiles are sold ;

(1) Queen Elisabeth.

Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
 The servant sells the favours of his lord.
 But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
 Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies:
 Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
 Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
 Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
 Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
 Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
 And leave your little all to flames a prey;
 Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
 For where can starving merit find a home.

JOHNSON.

PATHETIC FAREWELL OF LEONIDAS
 TO HIS WIFE AND FAMILY.

* * * * * The voice of fate,
 The gods, my fame, my country, bid me bleed.
 O thou dear mourner! wherefore streams afresh
 That flood of woe? Why heaves with sighs renew'd
 That tender breast? Leonidas must fall.
 Alas! far heavier misery impends
 O'er thee and these, if soften'd by thy tears
 I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,
 Which justice, glory, liberty, and Heaven
 Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.
 Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
 On my paternal fondness. Has my heart
 E'er known a pause of love, or pious care?
 Now shall that care, that tenderness, be prov'd
 Most warm and faithful. When thy husband dies
 For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,
 Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.
 Should I, thus singled from the rest of men;
 Alone entrusted by th' immortal gods
 With pow'r to save a people; should my soul
 Desert that sacred cause, thee too I yield

To sorrow and to shame : for thou must weep
With Lacedæmon , must with her sustain
Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.
Thy sons behold now worthy of their names ,
And Spartan birth. Their growing bloom must pine
In shame and bondage , and their youthful hearts
Beat at the sound of liberty no more.
On their own virtue and their father's fame ,
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd ,
Before the world illustrious shall they rise ,
Their country's bulwark , and their mother's joy.

Here paus'd the patriot. With religious awe
Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceased to flow :
Ceas'd for a moment ; soon again to stream.
For now in arms before the palace rang'd ,
His brave companions of the war demand
Their leader's presence ; then her griefs renew'd ,
Too great for utterance , intercept her sighs ,
And freeze each accent on her falt'ring tongue.
In speechless anguish on the hero's breast
She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press ,
Hang on his knees , and kiss his honour'd hand.
His soul no longer struggles to confine
Its strong compunction. Down the hero's cheek ,
Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe ,
Amid his children , who enclose him round ,
He stands indulging tenderness and love
In graceful tears , when thus , with lifted eyes ,
Address'd to Heaven : Thou ever-living Pow'r ,
Look down propitious , sire of gods and men !
And to this faithful woman , whose desert
May claim thy favour , grant the hours of peace.
And thou , my great forefather , son of Jove .
O Hercules , neglect not these thy race !
But since that spirit I from thee derive ,
Now bears me from them to resistless fate ,
Do thou support their virtue ! Be they taught ,
Like thee , with glorious labour life to grace ,
And from their father let them learn to die !

GLOVER.

OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN

O thou whose beams the sea-girt earth array,
King of the sky, and father of the day!
O sun! what fountain, hid from human eyes,
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
For ever burning and for ever bright,
With Heav'n's pure fire and everlasting light!
What awful beauty in thy face appears!
Immortal youth beyond the pow'r of years?

When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,
And from the gates of morn thy glory shines,
The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,
And all the planet hide their heads in night;
The queen of Heav'n forsakes th'etereal plain,
To sink inglorious in the western main.
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
High in the heav'ns, immortal and alone!
Who can abide the brightness of thy face,
Or who attend thee in the rapid race?
The mountain-oaks, like their own leaves, decay;
Themselves the mountains wear with age away;
The boundless main that rolls from land to land,
Lessens at times, and leaves a waste of sand;
The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is lost in heav'n, and emptied of her light;
But thou for ever shalt endure the same,
Thy light eternal and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on high,
Darken the day, and load the lab'ring sky;
When heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings dire
All ether flaming, and all earth on fire,
When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles;
If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
Her wonted charms the face of nature wears;
Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
Looks from the sky and laughs the storm away.

THE CRUSADE.

« Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
English Richard plows the deep!
Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy
From distant towers, with anxious eye,
The radiant range of shield and lance
Down Damascus' hills advance:
From Sion's turrets as afar
Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
Saladin, thou paynim king,
From Albion's isle revenge we bring!
On Acon's spiry citadel,
Though to the gale thy banners swell,
Pictur'd with the silver Moon;
England shall end thy glory soon!
In vain, to break our firm array,
Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:
Those sounds our rising fury fan:
English Richard in the van,
On to victory we go,
A vaunting infidel the foe. »

Blondelled the tuneful band,
And wept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete; with piny verdure crown'd,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.

Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
That gave a murder'd Saviour birth:
Then with ardour fresh endu'd,
Thus the solemn song renew'd.

« Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last!
Object of our holy vow,
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
We feel the cheering fragrance creep:
O'er Enga'sdid shrubs of balm

Waves the date-empurpled palm :
 See Lebanon's aspiring head
 Wide his immortal umbrage spread !
 Hail, Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
 Wet with our Redeemer's gore !
 Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
 Ye stones . by tears of pilgrims worn ;
 Your ravish'd honours to restore,
 Fearless we climb this hostile shore !
 And thou, the sepulchre of God ;
 By mocking pagans rudely trod,
 Bereft of every awful rite,
 And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright ;
 For thee, from Britain's distant coast .
 Lo, Richard leads his faithful host !

WARTON.

TO THE RIVER LODON.

SONNET.

Ah ! what a weary race my feet have run,
 Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
 And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
 Beneath the azure sky, and golden sun,
 Where first my muse to lisp her notes begun !
 While pensive mem'ry traces back the round
 Which fills the varied interval between,
 Much pleasure, more of sorrow ; marks the scene.
 Sweet native stream ! those skies and sun so pure
 No more return to cheer my evening road !
 Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
 Nor useless all my vacant days have flow'd,
 From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature ;
 Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

WARTON.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

ANCIENT SONG.

Over the mountains, and over the waves,
 Under the fountains, and under the graves ;

Over floods that are deepest, which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest, love will find out the way.

Where there is no place for the glow-worm to lye;
Where there is no space for receipt of a fly; [lay,
Where the midge dares not venture, lest herself fast she
If love come he will enter, and soon find out his way.

You may esteem him a child for his might;
Or you may deem him a coward from his flight; [day,
But if she whom love doth honour, be conceal'd from the
Set a thousand guards on her, love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him, by having him confin'd,
And some do suppose him, poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him, do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him, will find out the way.

You may train the eagle to stoop to your fist,
Or you may inveigle the phenix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her to give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover: he will find out his way.

TO A FLOWER.

Child of the spring! fair opening flower!
I love thine early bloom;
To snatch thee from yon shelt'ring bower
Let no rude hand presume.

Yet, yet protected from the blast,
Thy leaves in beauty blow;
Ah! soon the halcyon days are past,
Stern winter lays thee low.

But when revolves the varying year,
And sleeps the wasting storm,
Returning life again shall cheer
Thy renovated form.

When nature's rougher skies are fled,
Then clothed in loveliest hue,
Again thou'lt lift thy gentle head,
And drink the vernal dew. ANTHOLOGY.

RETURN THE TRAVELLER'S.

Sweet to the morning traveller
 The sky-lark's earliest song,
 Whose twinkling wings are seen at fits
 The dewy light among.

And cheering to the traveller
 The gales that round him play,
 When faint and wearily he drags
 Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath th'unclouded sun
 Full wearily toils he,
 The flowing water makes to him
 Most pleasant melody.

And when the evening light decays,
 And all is calm around,
 There is sweet music to the ear
 In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

And sweet the neighbouring church's bell,
 That marks his journey's bourn;
 But sweeter is the voice of love
 That welcomes his return. ANTHOLOGY.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

In good kind Charles's golden days,
 When loyalty no harm meant,
 A zealous high-churchman I was,
 An so I got preferment:
 To teach my flock I never miss'd,
 Kings are by God appointed,
 And damn'd are those that do resist
 Or touch the Lord's Anointed.
 And this is law I will maintain
 Until my dying day, Sir —
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When Royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.

When William was our king declar'd:
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.

When gracious Anne became our queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation;
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And mod'rate men look'd big, Sir!
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, Sir:
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender;
And almost evr'y day abjur'd
The pope and the pretender.

Th'illustrious House of Hanover,
And protestant succession;
To these I do allegiance swear —
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,

And George my lawful king shall be —
 Until the times do alter.
 And this is law I will maintain
 Until my dying day, Sir —
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir. ANON.

THE POOR OLD MAN.

Ah! who is it tollers along,
 And leans on the top of his sticks?
 His wrinkles are many and long,
 And his beard is grown silver and thick
 No vigour enlivens his frame,
 No cheerfulness beams in his eyes;
 His limbs are enfeebled and lame,
 And he seems to be going to die.

They tell me he once was a young,
 As gay, and as cheerful as I;
 That he danced the green wood-walk among,
 And caroll'd his songs to the sky:
 That he clamber'd high over the rocks,
 To search where the sea-bird had been;
 And follow'd his frolicsome flocks
 Up and down on the mountain so green.

But now what a change there appears!
 How alter'd his figure and face!
 Bent low with number of years;
 How feeble and slow is his pace!
 He thought, a few winters ago,
 Old age was a great while to come;
 And it seems but as yesterday now
 That he frolic'd in vigour and bloom.

He thought it was time enough yet
 For death and the grave to prepare;
 And seem'd all his life to forget
 How fast time would carry him there.

He sported in spirits and ease,
 And religion thought troublesome stuff,
 Till all in a hurry he sees
 That he was not left half time enough.
 Now weak with disorder and years,
 And tottering into the dust,
 He wishes, with penitent tears,
 He had minded religion at first.
 He weeps, and he trembles, and prays,
 And wishes his life could return:
 But, alas! he has wasted the blaze,
 And now it no longer will burn. ANONYME.

ON TIME.

Say, is there ought that can convey
 An image of its transient stay?
 'Tis a hand's breadth; 'tis a tale;
 'Tis a vessel under sail:
 'Tis a courser's straining steed;
 'Tis a shuttle in its speed;
 'Tis an eagle in its way,
 Darting down upon its prey;
 'Tis an arrow in its flight,
 Mocking the pursuing sight;
 'Tis a vapour in the air;
 'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;
 'Tis a short-liv'd fading flow'r;
 'Tis a rainbow on a show'r;
 'Tis a momentary ray
 Smiling in a winter's day;
 'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
 'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
 'Tis the closing watch of night
 Dying at approaching light;
 'Tis a landscape vainly gay,
 Painted upon crumbling clay;
 'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires;
 'Tis a smoke that quick expires;
 'Tis a bubble, 'tis a sigh:
 Be prepar'd, O Man! to die.

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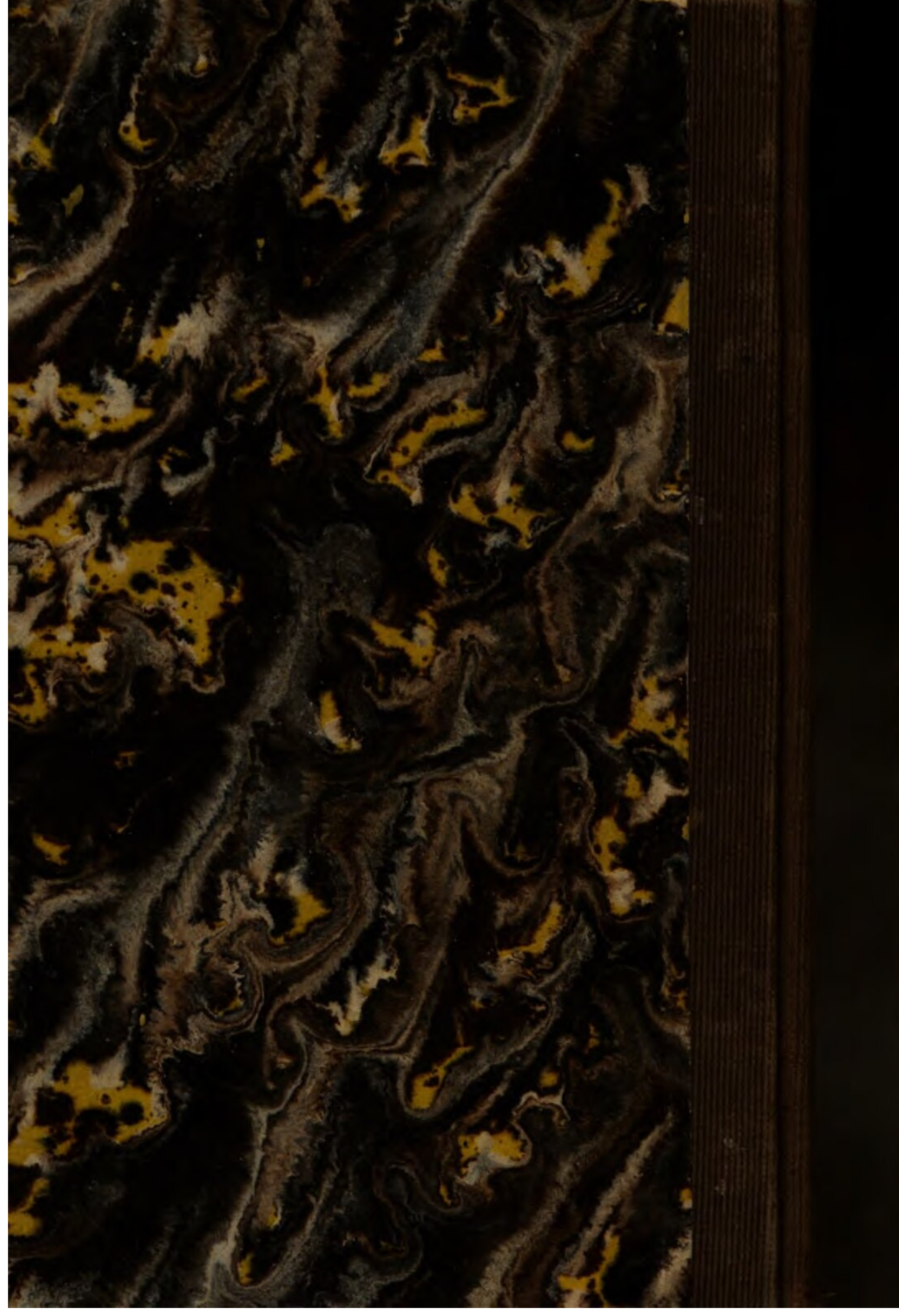
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L. A.

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